THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, November 20, 1954

Special Wine Supplement

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1237 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1954 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	633
B.O.A.C. AND AMERICAN AIRCRAFT	636
PARTY CRISIS FOR DR. EVATT. By Prof. W. Macmahon Ball	636
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	637
THIS ENGLAND	638
ODIOUS COMPARISON. By Sagittarius	638
THE VOTERS OF UTTING AVENUE. By Mervyn Jones	638
THE ARMY, 1954. By George Wigg, M.P.	639
STALINSTADT. By Heinrich Fraenkel	640
SO THEY SAY... By Queequeg	640
SEN GUPTA. By Maxwell Fry	641
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
A Play of Our Time. By T. C. Worsley	642
London Music. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	642
A Comparison. By John Berger	644
Look and Listen. By William Salter	645
The Movies. By William Whitebait	645
CORRESPONDENCE	646
From George Tyler; Yusuf Cachalia; Douglas Goldring; D. O. Dixon; Edward L. Bernays; N. C. Hunter; Martin Seymour-Smith; Wilfred Fienburgh, M.P.; Alexander Werth; Dorothy Bussy.	
THE AMATEUR AND HIS WINE CELLAR—Special Wine Supplement	649
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	661
THE BIRD WATCHER. By Ewart Milne	Page 662
REVIEWS:	
Back to Burke. By R. H. S. Crossman	662
Dogs Against Science. By Anthony Barnett	662
Chinese Gordon. By Michael Howard	664
Haute Couture. By Margaret Lane	664
New Novels. By Mary Scrutton	666
Half-rotten Boroughs. By H. R. Trevor-Roper	668
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	669
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	670
CHESS. By Assiac	672
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	672

A New Chance in Buganda

MR. LENNOX-BOYD and his advisers have shown courage in framing a new policy to meet a new situation in Buganda. They have rightly accepted the reforms outlined in the Hancock Report and, in doing so, been willing to risk some temporary loss of face. Mutesa II may now return to Buganda as a constitutional monarch if—as seems probable—the *Lukiko* desires him, but only after the institution of constitutional monarchy has been established. We doubt whether there is a better way out of the present difficult situation. It has the merit of opening the door simultaneously to the restoration of the Kabaka, which so many of the Baganda desire, and to a very considerable advance in constitutional progress. It also serves to switch attention both here and among the Baganda from personalities and towards the real issues of freedom and good government on which the future of Buganda depends.

Some degree of delay at this stage is inevitable: the balance of the Government's proposals depends on the stages by which they are implemented. Nevertheless, Mutesa II has become—admittedly to an unreasonable extent—a symbol of nationalism and progress among large sections of the Baganda, and uncertainty about his future will tend to perpetuate tension and mistrust. Mr. Lennox-Boyd and Sir Andrew Cohen will, we hope, confine the period of indecision to a minimum.

Having said so much, we think it worth trying to point the lesson which can be learned from the whole sad story of the past year, and which has a general application to Britain's relations with African peoples. It is not that the Kabaka was a good king and Sir Andrew Cohen a bad Governor. On the contrary, we hold no particular brief for Mutesa II and we regard Sir Andrew as one of the ablest and most enlightened men in the whole Colonial Service. His error, we believe, was to overestimate the readiness of the African population to support him when he imposed reform from outside, and to underestimate their deep emotional loyalty to African institutions. The value of this loyalty may be arguable—though it is worth remarking that, as long as it is British policy to make use of puppet kings, it cannot simultaneously be sensible to violate the traditional rites of selection and succession. But the problem, in essence, is not the mystique of a monarchy, but the profound desire of African people to work out their own salvation under African leaders. Experience in recent years in Asia shows that this is the essential element in colonial revolution. Sir Andrew seems to have misjudged the strength of this feeling in gambling that his progressive policy would be more acceptable to the majority of Africans than the much slower rate of progress which is dictated by dependence on African institutions. All of us may learn from this an important lesson, which has been generally understood in Asia, but has tended until now to be overlooked in Africa.

That much criticism of the Governor must, we believe, be made. He seems, at times, ill-advised about "public relations." But the disorderly scenes in Kampala, which accompanied last Tuesday's announcement of the new proposals, surely carry a more serious warning to the Baganda themselves. The British have in effect admitted error—not a common virtue in an Imperial Power—and shown genuine imagination and sympathy in seeking a constructive solution to a dangerous situation, in which the fault was by no means all on one side. Sir Andrew Cohen has acted with integrity and courage in allowing himself to be identified with the new proposals and in returning to Kampala to see them through. As we go to press, the exact nature of Tuesday's demonstrations outside the *Lukiko* remains obscure. It is more important that the *Lukiko* itself

treated the Governor with respect and serious attention. We trust that all Baganda who desire to see their country achieve in orderly fashion the twin goals of independence and modern institutions, will appreciate that they now have an unprecedented opportunity to make a great stride forward. They have also a second chance to take advantage of the services of a remarkable Governor, whose earlier error of judgment was little more than an expression of impatience with their slow rate of constitutional progress.

The Russian Counter-Move

It is being assumed far too easily that the latest Russian Note is merely another piece of psychological warfare in Mr. Molotov's campaign to prevent ratification of the Nine-Power Treaty. The Kremlin may well have a much more serious purpose than mere propaganda when it proposes a conference of all European States, gives a precise date for its convening and suggests two alternative venues—either Paris or Moscow. All the indications suggest that, as soon as the Western refusals have been received, the conference will actually meet on November 29, in Moscow, and there hear the Russian answer to the Nine-Power Treaty. A rearmed Eastern Germany will be solemnly accepted as containing the only Government which represents the whole German people, just as the Paris Treaty bestows this title on the Federal Republic; and the European Security Pact will then be ratified and left open for any of the absent Western European States to join at a later date. If this is the Russians' intention, they are setting the stage for a period of peaceful co-existence in which the battle for Germany will continue to be waged by all means short of war—including even another Four-Power Conference. We fear that those who delude themselves that the Paris Treaty has settled anything will very soon be disappointed. Its main effect will be to give both to the Federal Republic and to the Soviet Union opportunities for manœuvre which will not be missed.

French Socialists' Decision

Having decided, by 2,817 votes against 454, to authorise Socialist Deputies to vote for ratification of the Paris Agreements on Germany, the special Congress of the French Socialist Party resolved by a majority that the Party should not participate unconditionally in the Mendès-France Government. Socialist Deputies will give the Government general support; it would be certainly contrary to the wishes of Socialist voters in the country if the Mendès-France "experiment" were to be brought to an end at this stage. But, since M. Mendès-France was not prepared to accept the conditions laid down by the Congress (virtually a pledge by the Premier to carry out the Socialist programme), the invitations given to Socialists to accept portfolios were, in effect, refused. The Government was accordingly re-shuffled without Socialists.

The Socialist decision is clearly a tribute to the influence of M. Guy Mollet, who really stood in this issue for the Left Wing of the Party and argued (correctly, we should judge) that it would be premature for the Party to enter the Government until M. Mendès-France had made his economic policy much clearer: at present, participation would mean buying a pig in a poke. The Premier may be disappointed at failing to secure Socialist Ministers in his Cabinet; he may equally feel that he has more room for manœuvre, on his own lines, without them. His position still seems reasonably secure: even the decrees restricting consumption of alcohol appear to be less unpopular than might have been expected. On the other hand, the Socialist decision to ratify the Paris Agreements was made with the reservation that there should be further talks with Russia before "military implementation"; and, when M. Mendès-France meets the Assembly again, he will have to face considerable criticism that it was unwise to brush aside the renewed Russian proposal for a conference. Apart from Germany, his most serious problem appears to be the situation in North Africa. The Gaullists are by no means satisfied with the Government's policy, and General de Gaulle is planning to make, in a fortnight's time, a speech on this subject which may have important repercussions.

The Struggle in Egypt

In dealing with his two most formidable opponents, General Neguib and the Moslem Brotherhood, Colonel Nasser has adopted the age-old device of conflating them into a single enemy. In fact, of course, General Neguib is completely out of sympathy with the Moslem Brotherhood. After Colonel Nasser and his young colleagues had organised their coup, they selected General Neguib to serve as Chairman of the Revolutionary Council because they needed a respectable and popular figurehead. But the General from the first refused to play his role and rapidly built himself up as the most popular member of the new regime. A few months ago, indeed, he very nearly succeeded in ending the revolution by parliamentary elections which would have returned all power to the Wafd. His removal this week from the Presidency is a sign of Colonel Nasser's growing self-confidence. The battle with the Moslem Brotherhood, on the other hand, is a far more serious and dangerous affair. As they amply proved by signing the Suez Agreement, the Revolutionary Council are all Westernisers who are trying to modernise Egypt as Kemal modernised Turkey—but under infinitely more difficult circumstances. This was bound to bring them into conflict with the Brotherhood, which represents the crudest Islamic reaction against any and every form of Westernisation. It is by no means certain that Colonel Nasser will succeed in destroying the Brotherhood, whose favourite weapon is assassination. But unless he succeeds, there will be no stability in Egypt and no hope of social progress.

Nigerian Elections

The federal elections in the Eastern and Western Regions of Nigeria (the North votes indirectly and its results will not be known until next month) show that Dr. Azikwe's N.C.N.C. has won a notable victory. The National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons has not only held its majority in the East, "Zik's" traditional stronghold, but wrested power from Mr. Awolowo's Action Group in the West. The situation is, therefore, that Mr. Awolowo remains regional Prime Minister of the Western Region for the moment, but the N.C.N.C. holds 23 of the 42 federal seats in the Region. The confusion of the election is shown from the fact that the N.C.N.C. seems to derive most of its support from the non-Yorubas of the mid-west, who have been demanding greater regionalisation, though "Zik" now seems converted to a unitary State. Personalities still play an important part in Nigerian elections, and it is a commonplace to hear people declare themselves as "Nationals" or "Commercials," not in allegiance to parties, but to the banks owned by the two leaders. The chief result of the elections would seem to be to drive the North and South inevitably farther apart. Now that "Zik" has control of both the regions of the South, the conservative, feudal North of the Moslem Emirs is still less likely to trust centralisation in any form. Although the North holds 92 of the 184 elected federal seats, it is still very suspicious of the modern men of the East and West Regions, and highly nervous of "Zik." Meanwhile, the demagogy of the N.C.N.C. will replace the administrative planning of the Action Group. It is clear that Nigerian politics are still in the infant stage, but experience in office is bound to bring an increased sense of responsibility. One of the factors making for stability is that Government money is lodged in "Zik's" bank.

New Plans for Pensions

The pattern, if not the details, of the new Tory scheme for social security is now clear. All benefits are to be increased; and the necessary addition to contributions is to be justified as maintaining the "insurance" principle. Mr. Peake placed great emphasis on the "insurance" element in his speech, and jeered at the Labour Party—as the *News Chronicle* also did on Monday—because some of its members are having second thoughts about flat-rate contributions as a means of finance. Yet the wisest course for the Labour Party would be to make a searching review of our social security structure, for the weaknesses of the revised Beveridge scheme introduced in 1946 are becoming increasingly clear to economists and social workers.

The "insurance" principle, in any case, is no more than a political and psychological cover for a particular form of taxation; it is nonsense for the *News Chronicle* to suggest that the abolition of contributions would mean "more burdens on the taxpayer and make the pension a charity instead of a right." What a strange conception! Are family allowances a charity? Or food subsidies, or hospital and other medical benefits largely financed from general revenue? The argument for maintaining the illusion that the contributor has paid for benefits is historical, not economic. It rests simply on the reaction to the old Poor Law and the Means Test—and it is by no means certain that the doctrine has the good social effect that is claimed for it. The Liberal Party, indeed, concluded in 1950 that the case against contributions "is overwhelming. . . . Their only advantage

is that they provide an additional source of revenue." If the Labour Party could work out a plan for financing social security by uniform taxation, and for providing a really adequate income for the retired, it would establish a genuinely Socialist security system, and could leave the Tories tied to the obsolete concept of "actuarial liberalism."

The Railway Pay Award

The footplate men have done well out of the reference to the Staff Tribunal. The award, issued on Tuesday, gives drivers a top rate of £9 12s. 6d. a week. This is substantially less than the £10 5s. maximum claimed by the A.S.L.E.F., but it represents an advance of 14s. on present rates, and is 7s. 6d. more than the Transport Commission offered. Moreover, the Tribunal has accepted the union's contention that top rates should be reached in three years; the award therefore means that a third-year driver, at present drawing £8 6s. 6d. a week, would receive an advance of 26s. If, as seems likely, this award is accepted, it remains to be seen what the repercussions will be on the rest of the wage structure on the railways. Rates were already in the melting pot since the Executive of the N.U.R. was compelled by the strength of the objections expressed by union branches to withdraw its provisional acceptance of the Transport Commission's reluctantly conceded offer. Now that the footplate men have been awarded increases considerably greater than those offered by the Commission, rank-and-file dissatisfaction with advances proposed for other grades will be the more intense. For example, guards and signalmen are likely to protest loudly that the proposals in their case would now leave them in a very unfavourable position in comparison with engine drivers.

NEW YORK

Big Business for Peace

Our New York Correspondent writes: Is the United States now adopting a more conciliatory policy within the framework of the cold war? The White House has been the moderating influence, it is said. Unconfirmed reports suggest that President Eisenhower overruled a 3-to-1 recommendation of the Joint Chiefs of Staff that American planes should bomb the Chinese mainland if the Communists should attempt to land on Quemoy. This fits in with other evidence that the President has been trying to still itchy trigger fingers. Speaking in Boston last week, he said that the threat of war was less today than it had been for some time, notwithstanding the shooting down of an American plane over the border area between Northern Japan and the Soviet-held Kuriles. Later he admitted that, although the United States insisted that it was the aggrieved party, the situation was not clear-cut because the area has been subject to territorial dispute and naturally, he added, the Soviet Government was jealous of preserving its rights. This calm statement was in marked contrast to the outraged protests of various Congressmen, including Senator Knowland's perennial demand that the United States sever diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Both the President and Secretary of State Dulles defended U.S. Ambassador Bohlen's attendance at the Kremlin reception celebrating the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Mr. Dulles has also been speaking in gentler tones recently, perhaps cued by the President. At a press conference last week, he not only declared that the United States would have no part of "preventive war," but he also asserted his belief that the Soviet Union did not want war either.

Malenkov's overtures for East-West talks to ease tensions will certainly go unheeded, at least until the Paris Treaties have been ratified and the South-East Asia Treaty organisation has shown some signs of life. Just as American domestic needs rule out any vast expansion of military commitments, so they also require that Defence expenditures do not fall below a certain level. This policy of "balance" is derived from the ideology of Big Business, to which Eisenhower and Dulles give political expression. Big Business shrinks from all the government intervention which is inevitably attendant on a large-scale fighting war. On the other hand, it is not averse to a mild decline in the general level of economic activity. Such a decline wipes out the marginal, small competitors and makes labour more amenable, but leaves the giant corporations relatively unharmed, particularly if the cold war still allows for a Defence programme big enough for their needs. Big Business, turning its back on Keynes, prefers a balanced budget at a low level of expenditure. Fortunately for the world at large, this would not be possible in a shooting war.

ARGENTINA

Peron and the Church

A Correspondent writes: President Peron's violent attack on the Catholic Church is the latest and most dramatic phase of his "return to the original principles of Justicialism." When Peron took power in 1946, he was forced to rely on the support of ex-Communists, ex-Socialists, some disgruntled Radicals, and a rather important group of progressive Catholics. The many different political elements in the Government soon fell out; labour legislation came to a standstill; inflation swallowed the gains that the workers had obtained from wage advances; and the general economic situation of the country deteriorated.

Since the death of Evita Peron, the General has reversed his policy of indiscriminate coalitions. His deals with the U.S.S.R. gained him the enmity of the Right Wing. He then turned against the landed interest and blamed it for the low agricultural production. The trade union officials appointed by Evita were all discharged and new labour legislation was introduced. Even the Communist Parties in other Latin American countries recognised the change and recommended a "soft" attitude towards "Peronism." Now, after disputes over marriage and legitimacy laws, Peron has turned against the excessive influence of the Church on his Government. In Latin America, the Catholic Church has been traditionally allied with the interests of the extreme Right. Peron has realised that no effective programme of social and economic reform is possible so long as the Church has a stranglehold on policy.

Next Week

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Part I

WESTMINSTER

Class War in the Commons

There was one great gain from the censure debate on pensions. It left many on the Labour benches really hating Tories. This was in part because the tittering shallowness with which they approached the matter was an affront to the daily tragedy every M.P. sees in his constituency, and partly because the Tories scored one or two minor debating points. Resentment was provoked, however, not by the shrewdness, but by the irrelevance of their debating tactics. Politically, professionally and in public, the Tories may have accepted the Welfare State. But in the attitude of even such a moderate figure as Mr. Osbert Peake, as Edith Summerskill pointed out, there lingered echoes of the old Tory bombast that good pensions sapped the moral fibre of the nation. The Tories who defended the delay in raising pensions spoke with such vigour that they would obviously have been happier advocating a blank refusal. However, the spectre of the ballot box stimulates the flow of human kindliness. Social welfare in these circumstances becomes an expediency and not a cause, and this explains the cynicism of most of the debate.

Apart from a few back-bench Labour speeches, from Maurice Edelman, Ted Short and Tom Hubbard in particular, the debate lacked integrity and authority until Jim Griffiths spoke. There is something, somehow, about the mere sight of a grey, balding, stocky figure with blue coal scars on his hands, leaning across to hammer the smooth, immaculate figure and schooled features of a wealthy, professional Tory politician like Harold Macmillan. It symbolises a gulf between the two parties which bipartisanship in foreign affairs cannot bridge, and the spectacle of Tory Ministers boasting the technical achievements of nationalisation cannot hide. It was not simply that Jim Griffiths destroyed the Tory excuse for delay, but when Jim Griffiths faced Mr. Harold Macmillan it was the have-nots facing the haves—as old-fashioned, as simple as that.

But politics is the application of method as well as the enunciation of causes. Here the discussion of pensions policy becomes rather diffuse, and in this context the entire debate was off beam. Mr. Osbert Peake did state, flatly, that the insurance principle must be maintained; in other words, if pensions go up, so do contributions. The Labour Party accepted the insurance principle decades ago. We now have had many years' experience of an insurance scheme limping along sustained by grants from taxation and by ever-increasing National Assistance. There are many, and on this there can be no spurious conflict between "Left" and "Right," who are beginning to accept that "insurance" is largely fictitious and that a new approach is needed.

The Party will also have to think again on the aircraft industry. In the debate on Civil Aviation, Frank Beswick, without carping at the industry, was sadly able to point to an alarming situation in which Britain's air lead is slipping. *Challenge to Britain* suggests direct State intervention only when the industry falls down on the job. Is the industry well up on the job while the Comet is flying, and falling down when the Comet is grounded? Is it successful when a British fighter wins the world air-speed record, and failing when it loses it a month later? There is little time left in which to clarify these issues—Parliament must be used as a sounding board for policy. For there still remains a world of difference between Socialists and Tories, on other things besides pensions. And the more the difference is shouted aloud the more Labour retains its integrity. WILFRED FIENBURGH

B.O.A.C. and American Aircraft

THAT the Comet disasters and the subsequent Inquiry should have upset public opinion and taken a good deal of gilt off the gingerbread of British air supremacy, is natural enough. But B.O.A.C.'s operating problem lies a good deal deeper than this, and the current debate in both Parliament and the press about its projected purchase of a new fleet of American aircraft has understandably confused people. The root of the difficulty is the inescapable fact that there is not, in the U.K., a market for civil aircraft anything like big enough to sustain the effort which is currently being expended on this side of the manufacturing industry. Therefore firms working on civil projects must, by and large, expect to recoup themselves from exports. But exports —especially of heavy planes—are seldom possible in any number until new types are fully developed and proved. Thus, despite the generous scale of Government research and development contracts, and despite the costly common services provided for the aircraft industry by the Government scientific machine, B.O.A.C., as the main British operating company, is called on to stand much of the risk inherent in the proving for service of a completely new airliner. And this risk, in commercial terms, is often unjustifiable.

But the problem is more complicated than this. The U.S. aircraft industry, our only rival, is sustained by an important internal market; and, having been well ahead of Britain in transport aircraft at the end of the war, has prudently concentrated on developing successive "Marks" of existing aircraft—proceeding in fact in a series of short jumps, with the minimum of technical risk attached to each. If the British industry was to overtake the lead of its rival, its jumps had to be big ones; and they have been. The exact future of the turbo-jet airliner (as exemplified by the Comet) may hang for the moment in the balance; but the turbo-prop machine—of which the Viscount is the signal example—is clearly ahead of any other plane of its kind anywhere.

Both the aircraft manufacturing industry and the operators, in designing, manufacturing, proving and putting into service completely new types of aircraft of revolutionary design, have had to bear a heavier burden than their U.S. counterparts. The manufacturing industry, with a great deal of Government assistance, has carried this burden without apparently undue exertion or loss of fat. But for B.O.A.C. the problem has been a little different. Parliament decided, at the time the Airways Corporations were established, that they were to be run as nearly as possible on competitive, commercial lines. The need for a subsidy, at least in their early years of operation, was grudgingly recognised; but both Corporations have been under heavy pressure by successive Ministers of Civil Aviation to eliminate this need and stand on their own feet as commercially solvent enterprises. The wisdom of treating national corporations in this way is perhaps arguable. Indeed, we seem to remember that, back in 1946, Mr. Morrison had to quell a back-bench Labour revolt on this very issue. But the decision of Parliament was, in the end, unequivocal and enshrined in statute. Thus, in a sense, B.O.A.C. is expected to do, simultaneously, two things which are to some extent incompatible. In the first place, it has to meet the challenge of all its competitors on the world's airlines and come as near as it can to showing a profit. Secondly, it is expected—and not altogether unreasonably—to display a totally uncommercial public responsibility in helping the Government and the manufacturing industry to develop and introduce new types of aircraft, capable of outselling American machines in world markets.

This is the dilemma which Sir Miles Thomas and his colleagues have to resolve. They did not shrink from risk in backing the Comet, and as a result they have suffered a grievous commercial blow. They now, apparently, feel some doubt about the degree of commercial risk which may be attached to getting the Bristol Britannia into full passenger service by a given date. We are in no position to assess the validity of B.O.A.C.'s judgments, either technical or commercial, in a matter of this kind. What we do say is that, under its mandate from Parliament, the Corporation is entitled to feel such doubts and to take action upon them. We should deeply regret the consequences of a decision to purchase further U.S. aircraft if an appropriate British alternative is available. But Parliament cannot have it both ways. If B.O.A.C. is to be operated, despite public ownership, according to the principles of private enterprise, it must be allowed to take its own decisions, regardless of their consequences to the manufacturing section of the industry. If as a matter of public policy this is not acceptable, then Parliament must reconsider the conditions in which it has called on B.O.A.C. to operate.

Party Crisis for Dr. Evatt

THE crisis in the Australian Labour Party has been precipitated, though not caused, by the Petrov affair. From the moment back in August when Dr. Evatt first appeared as counsel before the Royal Commission on Espionage, the clouds began to gather. He had been given leave to represent two members of his staff who had been named as sources of some trivial information in the notorious Document J. Dr. Evatt submitted that the references to these officers were part of a disgraceful political conspiracy designed to damage him personally and the Labour Party which he leads. He named Petrov and Mrs. Petrov as the main conspirators, and declared that his former press secretary O'Sullivan had been forced by blackmail to join the conspiracy. He charged the Security Service, or its senior officers, with improper conduct and with inefficiency for having failed to unmask the conspiracy.

He made and repeated these charges with intense vehemence. Outside the Commission, he charged that the Government had bungled the whole Petrov affair and that the Royal Commissioners, who are Supreme Court judges, had failed in their duty. When Madame Ollier, a member of the French Embassy staff in Canberra who was alleged in evidence to have given confidential information to the Soviet, was suspended by the French Ambassador, Dr. Evatt strongly criticised the Ambassador's conduct and cabled a protest to the French Premier. The French Government strongly objected to Dr. Evatt's intervention. Then, on August 7, the Commission withdrew Dr. Evatt's permission to appear as counsel, on the grounds that he was unable to separate his responsibilities as the legal representative of his clients and his political interests and responsibilities. Five weeks later Dr. Evatt sought leave to reappear, but was refused.

On October 26 the Commission made an interim report in which it rejected Dr. Evatt's charges of political conspiracy as "fantastic and wholly unsupported by any credible evidence." Dr. Evatt repeated his public demands that the Commission should be reconstituted and its findings reviewed, since it had failed to act properly and justly. Dr. Evatt's decision to appear as legal counsel caused widespread disquiet in Labour circles, since it was felt that his conduct of the case might be unpredictable, and would inevitably have political implications for the Party. When he persisted in his charge of conspiracy, the anxiety changed to near consternation among the moderates, and to angry indignation among the Right Wingers. The long and strong Labour tradition of Party discipline and of loyalty to the Party leader checked any move to open revolt. But at the meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party on August 26, a majority of members passed what was, in effect, though not formally, a motion of censure on Dr. Evatt.

On September 9, after he had been excluded from the Commission, he defended his conduct in Caucus, but the meeting was reported in the press to have ended "in uproar." Dr. Evatt then made a statement that the report of uproar was false, and had been given to the press by "paid informers" in his Party. Since then he has openly charged a "small minority" of the Party with "disloyal and subversive" action. This is a minority of Right Wingers, some of whom are active members of Catholic Action, an international organisation under the control of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The Right Wingers, notably those from Victoria, have in turn publicly charged their leader with unfitness for his post, and contemptuous indifference to the will of the Party.

Anxiety about Dr. Evatt's continued leadership is by no means confined to the Right Wing. In the critical Caucus vote on October 20, Dr. Evatt mustered 52 supporters, against the 28 who supported a motion that all Party offices be declared vacant. Among the 28 were a number of Labour's most influential and moderate members, including Mr. Calwell, the Party's deputy leader, who let it be known that he would be available for the leadership.

This party conflict had been brewing for some years. Like all such conflicts it is partly a clash of personal ambitions, but it is more than that. At the end of the war Communists had won positions of power in some of the large unions and, through these unions, tried to influence Labour Party policy. They had very little if any success in the political, as distinct from the industrial, arena. In the big Communist-led coal strike of 1949, for instance, the Chifley Labour Government took very firm measures, including the use of the army to mine coal, and the strike collapsed. The Labour Party has always stood for political and constitutional action, and is strongly opposed to the Communist tactic. It has always been a moderate party with a sense of political expediency, and little more than an academic attachment to its declared Socialist objective. Yet its strength is built on the trade unions, and if the Communists had succeeded in extending or consolidating their hold on the unions, they would very probably in time have been able to infiltrate the Labour Party. This situation made politically conscious Catholics very apprehensive. Hence Catholic Action, or, to be exact, a group within Catholic Action known as "The Movement," resolved to take the offensive. With great energy and skill they established anti-Communist cells, known as Industrial Groups, inside a number of unions. These Groups were well organised and disciplined and won the official blessing of the Australian Labour Party. During the last four years they have scored many

successes, and wrung the leadership of some key unions from Communists or Left Wingers. These successes have enlarged their ambitions, and they have tried increasingly to shape the Labour Party's political policy.

Moderate Labour and union leaders were glad enough to have the help of the Groups to suppress or expel the Communists, but they do not want to be suppressed or expelled themselves. Catholic Action is concerned not only with industrial, but with broad political issues, in particular with Australia's foreign policy. It is utterly opposed to negotiated settlements with Communist Governments, and bitterly critical of British policy towards Communist China. It wants Australia to disassociate herself generally from the British policy of "appeasement" and identify herself with America in world affairs. Indeed, on many of the most important political issues, Catholic Actionists seem to consider the moderate Labour leaders as more dangerous than the Communists, because more likely to mislead the majority of workers. These attitudes have recently provoked a widespread distrust of the Industrial Groups, though they contain many, perhaps a majority, of non-Catholics.

Dr. Evatt is no doubt relying on this reaction in his campaign to discipline or expel the Right Wing minority. The great majority of the Labour Party are imbued with a strong sense of Australian nationalism and a belief in democratic procedures. They are equally opposed to Communist or clerical authoritarianism. Yet since the war the unity and character of the party has been threatened, first by a small Communist minority, and more recently by a small clerical minority. The Communists and the Catholic Actionists have marked similarities, though they are diametrically opposed in objectives. Both represent international movements, the one directed from Moscow, the other from Rome. Both adopt conspiratorial methods, for when they are identified they are isolated and repudiated by the majority. Both adopt similar propaganda techniques, relying heavily on slanted report and personal smear.

It is important, of course, not to identify Catholic Action with membership of the Catholic faith, or Communism with industrial militance. It is probable that the majority of Catholics in Australia are out of sympathy with "The Movement." Catholic Action is a bitter critic of a number of moderate Catholic leaders, including Mr. Calwell.

The crisis in the Labour Party today is therefore on two levels. On the surface it is a question of whether Dr. Evatt shall retain the leadership. At the deeper level it is the question of whether it is possible, in present circumstances, to remove Dr. Evatt without increasing the power of the Catholic Actionists who have led the attack on him. Probably the great majority of the Labour Party are unhappy about Dr. Evatt. He lacks the qualities of his two predecessors, Mr. Chifley and Mr. Curtin, both of whom were able, in singular degree, to win the personal respect and devotion of their supporters. Dr. Evatt's public behaviour this year has often been eccentric and his motives obscure. His real weakness stems not from the hostility of his political enemies, but from the misgivings of his political friends. Yet Labour seems likely to decide that at the present moment Party unity is more important than Party leadership; that the first step is to discipline or expel the Right-wing rebels. It will then be possible, some time before the next Federal elections in 1956, to reconsider the question of leadership.

It would be wrong to try to explain the present paralysis of Labour leadership only in terms of personalities, or of disruption by subversive minorities. Labour is searching for a leader when it could be searching for a policy. For some time now it has had no effective or reasonably consistent alternative to the programme of its opponents. In the elections of last May, it was impossible to distinguish between the Labour and Liberal approach to the very critical problems of foreign policy facing Australia in East Asia. On the domestic front, about the only difference between the parties was that Labour tried to outbid the Liberals in promising increased payments to old-age pensioners. On one of the few questions of principle raised at the elections, Mr. Calwell, the deputy leader, did declare that Labour was opposed to the private operation of television, but Dr. Evatt, a day or two before, had declared that Labour approved the private operation of television. It seems that Labour's great need today is to rethink and restate its distinctive objectives.

W. Macmahon Ball
University of Melbourne

London Diary

A French Socialist, with whom I talked early this week, was horrified to hear that the Labour Opposition would not vote against the Nine-Power Treaty. Since then, the situation has changed dramatically. During Wednesday's debate, Mr. Crossman publicly let the cat out of the bag; to vote against the Government was to court expulsion. But the Whips found that they could not dragoon enough Labour M.P.s into the "Aye" lobby. (It is one thing to vote in a private meeting and quite another to allow your constituents to know that you have supported German rearmament). So another whip made it compulsory to abstain. Hence the prospect (I am writing before Thursday's debate) is that the Labour Party will appear to the outside world as solidly unable to support the Nine-Power Treaty, which, the day before, it was expected, as solidly, to swallow.

This crisis is very like that which preceded the famous vote of the 57 three years ago. On that occasion the Parliamentary Labour Party turned down a reasoned amendment to the Defence White Paper, proposed by the Bevanites, and decided to support the Government; whereupon the Bevanites forced a division in defiance of the Whips and successfully mustered 57 in the No lobby. It was the result of this rebellion, three years ago, that the Standing Orders were reintroduced into the Parliamentary Labour Party which had been waived in 1945. This meant that since then every member of it is obliged to accept the majority decision of the Party Meeting on pain of expulsion. Our European Socialist critics must therefore realise that the discipline of the Labour machine is now severer than that of any party outside the Iron Curtain.

* * *

It was not until I visited the National Union of Teachers' exhibition of Comics that I knew that they include illustrations showing how to hang your cat or slice your dog into ribbons with a jack-knife. Amongst other novelties displayed were editorial articles in the Comics telling you to buy as many "morbid" and horror issues as quickly as possible because "do-gooders" and fuddy duddies were trying to suppress them. All the Comics, good, bad or indifferent, shown in this exhibition have been collected by teachers in urban schools; they have not apparently yet penetrated England's green and pleasant countryside. Teachers who want to distract children's minds in the direction of their classwork are apt to confiscate Comics read during lesson time. This, I learn from a report in *The Schoolmaster*, raises an interesting legal point. Apparently teacher may safely impound Comics in class, but may find that they have to be returned later. (I cannot remember that this rule used to be applied to catapults when I was at school.) I see that the Executive of the N.U.T. have decided to support Parliamentary measures to deal with "Horror Comics," provided that "such legislation does not involve the country in a narrow and dangerous censorship threatening the vital freedom of thought and expression." But I doubt if we need discuss the legislative problem; the first step is to find whether such Comics, clearly produced for children, do not come within the present law of obscenity which says nothing about sex but only about a tendency to deprave and corrupt minds open to such influences. I find it hard to take seriously comparisons between those concentrated nightmares of torture, horror and sadism with Victorian illustrations of Dickens or the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and I should have thought it not difficult to show that prolonged and intense brooding over them did tend to deprave and corrupt adolescent minds.

* * *

A number of correspondents seem to have been rather puzzled by a "Personal" advertisement in this journal a fortnight ago, which sought the views of "practising or former prostitutes" on the subject of the solicitation laws. It was a perfectly serious and logical move on the part of a reputable law reform society collecting evidence for submission to the recently appointed Departmental Committee on Homosexuality and Prostitution. The Committee is to consider the operation of the law relating to prostitution; and the fact that few people can know more about this than the prostitutes themselves was quite likely to get overlooked. Since, after all, prostituition itself is not unlawful, this is simply a request to a *prima facie* law-abiding community to supply a few facts, vitally affecting itself, that might not otherwise be accessible. I understand that this advertisement was turned down in horror by Sunday papers, one of which, however, was ready to use it as the inspiration of a feature article.

* * *

Curiouser and curiouser! With judicial restraint, the experts of the Natural History Museum who exposed the Piltdown Man as the greatest scientific hoax of all time refused to

"Can Spring be far behind?"

accuse, as the faker, Charles Dawson the Sussex solicitor who "found" the bones. Circumstantial evidence was strong, but they were prepared to give him the benefit of the doubt. He had the palaeontological knowledge, they conceded, but they thought he lacked the technical skill to machine the teeth, tool the jaw and chemically stain the remains. Perhaps he was the victim (or the accomplice) of the forger? To the circumstantial evidence at Piltdown, however, more circumstantial evidence from Hastings has now been added. Again it involves Mr. Charles Dawson, Clerk to the Justices of Uckfield. He had, in addition to his Piltdown remains, made a considerable collection of more recent antiquities which he loaned to Hastings Museum. On his death, they were bought by his widow. Five of them have now been proved bogus—including flint instruments, obviously the artefacts of "Flint Jack," a well-known faker. A small statuette which he claimed was Roman and "the earliest example of cast iron in Europe" turns out to be a recent miniature of the statuary in front of the Quirinal in Rome.

* * *

People who expect Graham Sutherland's portrait of Winston to follow the style of the Beaverbrook may be in for a surprise. The Beaverbrook portrait, brilliant though it was, presented one familiar facet; it showed Beaverbrook's favourite mask. The Churchill portrait, which I saw at an earlier stage, is to my mind a very much more remarkable painting; one can see in it many Winston Churchills. Graham Sutherland has rightly refused to paint the Premier in his Garter robes; any academician could make an impressive show of rich materials and medals. Sutherland, painting Churchill as Parliament's present on Sir Winston's 80th birthday, has presented him in routine Parliamentary dress. Sir Winston would have been much easier to paint ten years ago. It used to be said that there were two rival versions of Churchill's face—the bulldog and the baby. Today the first only peeps out occasionally. If you look at recent photographs you will see that the lines and bony structure of his face are becoming increasingly blurred. The problem, which Sutherland seems to me to have triumphantly solved, has been that of presenting the character of Winston, even though his face now so often belies it.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

I strongly object to being described as "a woman." When used by newspaper reporters, this term has a certain stigma attached to it. I am a young lady, well educated and refined, and a highbrow of the first order.—Letter in *Caterham and Warlingham Times*. (N. Ings.)

He was alleged to have said after his arrest: "How can you charge me for neglecting my children when, although I haven't worked, I have provided food by pawning blankets, stealing batteries, and selling a double bed and a pram."—*Manchester Guardian*. (D. R. Hallas.)

Of course, I believe there are angels—but I don't believe they fly. They appear.—Clergyman reported in *News Chronicle*. (E. C. Ashman.)

Dr. H. St. John Ward has no fear of the radioactivity of a hydrogen-bomb attack. He is making himself a lead suit. . . "It will be at least a month before it is completed. I am certain I will be able to complete it successfully, and then I shall make another for my wife."—*Daily Mail*. (R. F. N.)

ODIOUS COMPARISON

Senator Jenner had prepared a long speech in which he compared Senator McCarthy to Edmund Burke and John Stuart Mill.—*News Item.*

McCarthy, Burke and Mill together named
As those who mankind's liberty supported,
However long their likeness is proclaimed,
Seem somehow ill-assorted.

The Senator now joins upon the heights
Great Georgian and eminent Victorian,
But these, as premature McCarthyites,
Must baffle the historian.

His strong resemblance to John Stuart Mill
Amazes non-American beholders,
Nor does he obviously seem to fill
Burke's mantle on his shoulders.

And though his champions, in his draggled state,
Would make him shine in their reflected glory,
He does not write like Mill, nor emulate
Burke's formal oratory.

The similarities they seek to show
Escape the most meticulous attention,
The likeness of the lofty to the low
Must pass all comprehension.

Would Burke, who never stooped to the *canaille*,
Would Mill who never to abuse descended,
Pig it together in McCarthy's sty?
Their shades are much offended.

And would McCarthy seek their company
Himself, with any genuine satisfaction?
For him *On the Sublime* and *Liberty*
Have small attraction.

No lover of Mill's principles, or Burke's,
Rather than join them in their lofty niches,
The Senator would give them both the works,
As sons of bitches.

SAGITTARIUS

The Voters of Utting Avenue

"WOULD ye say," asks the reporter from Scotland with a touch of the poet in his character—"would ye say that this place was deliberately planned to try the human spirit?" I peer through the drizzle at the ruler-straight monotony of Liverpool Corporation housing and try to smile. We are lost, of course; we are always lost in West Derby because one road looks just like another. "Can you see a street-name?" I ask. The Scot makes out a blackened plate. "Utting Avenue East," he reads, and adds: "And it bluidy well looks like it."

The keenest politician, one may be forgiven for thinking, would rather be defeated for Merioneth or the New Forest than triumph in West Derby. The human spirit droops everywhere in this wandering sprawl into the South Lancashire plain. And the saddest thing is that it stands a better chance, probably, among the dense mean clots of deteriorating housing nearer the city—which return Tory Councillors—than out on the estates, whose voters, moved from the dockside slums, are mainly Labour. In the old part, say off Green Lane—a name hugely ironical yet somehow warming—you can imagine a neighbour running in to make the tea when there's sickness in the home. But in Utting Avenue, would friendship ever reach across the furious traffic and the smoothly hissing trams?

These radiating main roads—what a lot there are of them, too—are all dual carriageways, with tram tracks down the centre. They run dead straight for miles for the convenience of long-distance traffic. But they are lined with houses and flats, not with factories as the Londoner would expect. There is in fact no industry in the West Derby constituency. And the smaller streets which fill in the gaps provide as a rule the same rigid parallels, the same dismal vistas. West Derby contains eleven thousand Corporation dwellings, mainly dating from the Thirties but three thousand, rapidly becoming indistinguishable, of post-war vintage.

Houses, houses, houses: standardised, trimly furnished isolation wards. Not enough pubs, some say because the Corporation wanted to prevent the slum-dwellers from transporting their drunken habits. Not enough shops, not enough churches, an incredible dearth of cafés, so that one in West Derby Road (Mr. Fenton had to drive two miles from his committee rooms to eat there) was catering for four celebrations on the same day. Everything miles from everything else. Truly might Utting Avenue symbolise the malaise of our withdrawn, sundered civilisation.

It is along these endless streets that Mr. Fenton and Mr. Woollam plod, knowing that since there are no factory gates, no parks, no community centres, and no "speakers' corners," they can only find the voters by knocking on doors and that they cannot hope to meet more than a fraction of the sixty-six thousand of them. Remembering that the conditions of life stifle any kind of community feeling, we must add a few other hindrances to the development of a "campaign." That no Liverpool constituency, and this least of all, sees itself as a unit, having never got used to the drastic redistribution of 1948. That there is no solidarity of occupation, since West Derby people go to work all over Liverpool and elsewhere, and almost all outside West Derby. And that, since the Tory working-man is here no propagandist figment, streets and neighbourhoods cannot be reckoned as "solid Labour" or dismissed as "solid Tory."

So there they sit—the voters, I mean—complacently busy with their television sets and their football pools, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Woollam, who remarks that people are bored with politics because they have no urgent needs or grievances and are leading a normal family life free from the anxieties and crises of Socialist rule. But do they? One gathers from shopkeepers and casual contacts, as well as from the canvassers of both sides, that there are problems and sorrows a-plenty in the recesses of these insulated homes. There are old folk, more here than in most constituencies, battling to make ends meet; there are many homes where income fails to balance rising prices and rents; there are people six years and more on the waiting list and not within sight of a home. For Liverpool's creditable house-building record only staunched the wounds left by bombing and by the sheer collapse of ancient slums. Young couples—not so young now, and with growing families—are still living with their parents or in digs.

Yet there is a vast difference between the way in which people complain of these deprivations and their protest against the great grievance of the old days, unemployment. That was seen as a common scourge, uniting thousands in suffering and anger, and to which no individual solution was possible. The way out was sought in a doctrine, a more or less clearly envisaged Socialism. Even the grievances of Labour rule—the food shortage and controls—were general problems to people inclined to Toryism, and the answer was again a dogma: "Freedom." But, in 1954, Utting Avenue will be neither roused nor united by ex-

hortation from Left or Right. The optimistic way of viewing this is that people have no faith in slogans. The pessimistic way, and one in which after my visit to West Derby I find an alarming measure of truth, is that they have lost faith in principles, and the politics of principle.

In late years M.P.s of both parties have remarked that they are regarded by their constituents less as spokesmen than as a superior kind of welfare officer. In West Derby, this also seems to be the general attitude to candidates. Mr. Woollam told me, and I see no reason to disbelieve him, that the pensioners whom he met on his rounds were less concerned to ask when the Government would introduce its new scheme than to rehearse their individual cases, with the implication that he should make a note of it and if elected give them some help within the present scales. His conversations, he said, mainly concerned "National Insurance anomalies"—the cases of people who said they had been done out of disability pensions, unfair deductions from Assistance, and the affairs of "ten bob widows," of whom there are a lot in West Derby. Again, here is a scene from a meeting of Mr. Fenton's. A man rises at question time with a child in his arms and says he has waited years for a home. He rambles on for a while, then the chairman asks patiently: "What is your question?" But he hasn't a question; he doesn't want to know about Labour policy, he wants to tell Mr. Fenton what he has vainly told the housing officer.

So, whatever the bye-election is about, it is decidedly not about the choice between private enterprise and Socialism. Mr. Fenton, who is certainly a sincere Socialist, has eschewed talk about first principles, and even about the connection between them and immediate problems, on the ground that this is not a general election and the voters cannot choose Socialism for another year. A view, surely, which the Labour pioneers would have found rather odd. Mr. Woollam wastes equally little time on outlining any kind of general philosophy.

One consequence is that world affairs play no part in the campaign. It would be naive, indeed, to expect them to play a major part; but I was surprised at the bored calm in which a large audience heard Mr. Woollam answer at length a question about German rearmament, when he had just been fighting against heckling and near-pandemonium to explain away the cutting of the food subsidies. Both candidates assured me that they had never had a single question, at meetings or in canvassing, about the threat of the hydrogen bomb, which surely hangs over this great port as much as over anywhere. I was so intrigued by this that I raised the matter myself in a pub crowded with Corporation labourers. After some thought, one of them said he was sure it had ruined the weather.

What then do the candidates talk about? On the doorstep, about personal problems—housing, pensions, prices in local shops, in that order. And at meetings? The meetings are a battle of statistics. I have heard Tory speakers prove conclusively that wage increases and tax reductions have outweighed the rise in prices, that this Government is building more schools than the last, and that the retirement pension is worth more than it was when the Socialists left office. Since I firmly believe that statistics can prove anything if you choose the right base line, index, yardstick, and what have you, I only hope that West Derby audiences share my scepticism.

The result of the poll, which readers will already know, will in my view be determined by the acceptance or rejection of the rival sets of figures, and—above all—by the degree to which either set corresponds to the individual voter's experience. West Derby voters, as I have said, work in all sorts of occupations; some enjoy higher real wages than in 1951, some lower. It is hard for them to work out the sum without being influenced by individual matters like the growth of a dependent child into a wage-earner. Hard, too, for the pensioner to recall whether he was better off five years ago on 26s. than he is now on 32s. 6d. Again, people with new houses tend to accept Mr. Macmillan's claims, people without to reject them.

"But what," asked my Scots friend as he gazed mournfully down Utting Avenue, "What do these people believe in?" And that—if we take belief to be something deeper than the swallowing or refusal of contested facts—I do not know.

MERVYN JONES

The Army, 1954

"WE have had—I will not specify which Government was at fault for this—a remarkably untidy, out-of-date and messy Act; and now, thanks to the Committee, we have got a very tidy one." Thus Mr. Antony Head, the Secretary of State for War, during the debate the other day on the report of the Select Committee set up to consider the Army and Air Force Acts. "I do not believe," he went on, "that any Secretary of State or Minister of Defence could ever have asked his Government to do this and bring it before the House."

Strange words, hard for the layman to understand. He has always taken very little interest in these matters; mention the Army to him and his normal reaction is to "thank God we have a Navy." And yet the Select Committee's report is a document of immense significance since it is the first attempt in recent years to reform the Army and bring it into line with modern times and modern society. In a sense it is even a justification of the Parliamentary method. Neither Party, as Mr. Head realises, could have carried out this reform alone. Certainly the Conservatives would not have dared to do so had not the Labour Party forced the Government's hand two years ago. Once, however, the need was conceded, both sides have worked honestly together to produce a report that is both historic and far-reaching. Indeed, one can go further. This should not from now on be a Party matter. If the Army is ever to be put on a firm and realistic basis the policy must be an agreed one: the question raised at the beginning on Party lines can only be solved along national ones.

The layman, too, should wake up to the tremendous importance of this problem. The well-being of the Army rouses few passions; it is thought either a bore or the happy preserve of a few eccentric specialists. In fact, one might fairly say that almost everything depends on it. Sir Anthony Eden has just agreed that four Divisions shall, for the next 44 years, be stationed in Western Germany, and amongst all the arguments about this and that, no one seems to ask this vital question: how are we going to find the men to carry out so formidable a commitment? Recruiting is again falling off and before long the Army may well be in a desperate state. Unless the decline can be stopped and the Army made attractive, the Paris Agreement is meaningless and Britain will be put in a humiliating position.

The story of how the Select Committee came into being goes back to April, 1952, when the Government brought forward the Army and Air Force (Annual) Bill and soon found itself in difficulties. For over seventy years the same kind of Bill had been introduced at the same time of the year and without excitement or trouble had become law. It is not surprising that the Government was nonplussed when the Labour Party went into action.

But to understand the full significance of what happened it is necessary to recall that the existing Army Act, which the Air Force Act closely follows, is based upon the Army Discipline and Regulations Act of 1879. This Act became law after the report of a Select Committee which, in 1878, considered a Draft Bill consolidating and defining military law as it had developed through the centuries in successive Mutiny and Marine Mutiny Acts and in the Articles of War. The 1878 Select Committee found the military law of its day in bad shape and reported that "The evils of the present condition of military law were very clearly and emphatically pointed out by His Royal Highness, the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief [the late Duke of Cambridge] in his evidence before the Courts Martial Commission in the year 1869." On that occasion His Royal Highness said, in these quaint words: "I certainly think that everything connected with military law should be made clear and simple, so that he who runs may read, and I do not think that is the case now."

In 1952 the Labour Opposition came to the same conclusion as the Duke and soon showed that it was in a position to enforce its demand for reforms. The Government, in fact, was helpless from the start. The Army and Air Force (Annual) Bill had to be passed by April 30, 1952, otherwise the Army and Air Force Acts lapsed. This procedure, cumbersome at first sight, born of the 17th-century conflicts between Crown and Parliament, is one of the methods by which Parliament retains control over the Armed Forces.

Two days' skirmishing and a little overtime at night were all that was needed to convince Mr. Head of the wisdom of setting up a Select Committee—"to consider the Army Act and the Air Force Act and to make recommendations for the amendment thereof; and to consider and report on the advisability of enacting the said Acts or parts thereof permanently."

By 1952 the 1879 Act was absurdly out of date both as regards its language and the problems with which is set out to deal. For example, Section 104 provides that an officer or soldier should not be billeted "in the house of any distiller kept for distilling brandy and strong waters." The Army for which the Act originally legislated was a comparatively small volunteer force with a strict discipline, savagely administered. Then, as now, its commitments were world-wide and there was a three months delay between the Act coming into force in Great Britain and "Elsewhere, whether within or without Her Majesty's dominions." The reason for this was because the news of the passing of the Act had to be conveyed by sailing ships.

The new Army and Air Force Acts (there will be a separate Act for each Service) meet the modern needs of a country which is still basically civilian. It has always been the case that when a man joins the Army he does not cease to be a citizen. As the existing Manual of Military Law points out, "in respect of civil rights, duties and liabilities, the ordinary law in general applies to him, although a few privileges are granted to him, and a few restrictions imposed upon him, for the purpose of enabling him the better to fulfill his army engagement." The whole point is that until now the soldier has been at a disadvantage as compared to the civilian. It is not only that the nation has been foolishly trying to get an army on the cheap. Rightly, the Select Committee draws attention to the special housing and educa-

tional needs of the Army and Air Force and recommends that "legislation should be introduced at the earliest possible date." The long-service Regular officer and soldier frequently has no Local Authority with whom he can register for a house when the end of his service approaches and to whom he can turn for help with the education of his children. It means, therefore, that the Army and the Air Force are continually losing the valuable and, indeed, vital services of long-term officers and soldiers. No wonder the Committee says that housing and education are "two of the causes of dissatisfaction with service."

It is important to realise that the Select Committee was in no doubt that Parliament's control and concern for the Army and Air Force should continue. It recommended that the Army and Air Force Acts should expire on "a date not exceeding 12 months from the date on which it becomes effective but should be renewable annually for four further periods of 12 months by Resolutions of both Houses. Thus there would still be retained an annual opportunity (in addition to the debate on the Estimates) for a general debate on the Army and Air Force Acts. In the fifth year new legislative action would be required to continue each Act after the end of that year." This would mean new Army and Air Force Acts and it is suggested that a new Standing Order should provide that after the Second Readings of the new Bills that they should be sent to a Select Committee. Thus it is hoped that Parliamentary control will be used not only to prevent the Army and Air Force Acts getting into the tangled state they were in in 1878 and 1952 but, at the same time, to recruit and maintain Regular Forces of sufficient size so that an early move may be made first to reduce and then, some day, to abolish National Service.

GEORGE WIGG

HUGH DALTON

a new edition of his classic

PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC FINANCE

extensively revised and reset, embracing all the new facts and theories in the field of public finance since the last edition in 1936. Translated into eight foreign languages, it has now reached its 21st impression. *10s. 6d. net.*

Routledge & Kegan Paul

Stalinstadt

THREE years ago there was a pine forest where Stalinstadt now stands, some 15 miles from Frankfurt on Oder. Today the population of East Germany's new town has reached 15,000, not counting some 8,000 builders who live in barracks nearby, and whose double shifts are designed to ensure that, within the next three years, the population (whose present average age is 32) can be doubled. By then, there will be more blast furnaces, too. So far, five are in operation, with No. 6 nearly ready. They are producing German steel out of Russian ore from the Urals and Polish coal. There is also a cement works and, of course, a power station; and various other factories are planned.

There is a great deal of planning to be observed in Stalinstadt and, what's more, it works. A year or two ago, there was a good deal of muddle and trouble: the houses didn't come up fast enough, there wasn't enough gas, or water, and the shops were so scanty and poorly stocked that the women had to queue for hours. But that was in 1952-53—bad years that caused the riots and led to an orgy of *Selbstkritik* on all levels of the "Democratic Republic's" hierarchy. A great deal of talk produced a great deal of action, and the results in the last twelve months are remarkable. Stalinstadt now is a going concern, and growing happily.

One of many pleasing aspects of the town is the fact that most of the administrative offices are still in barracks, while the apartment houses, springing up at prodigious speed, are for the workers. They are rightly proud of them and of the spacious and sensible layout of their town. There is nothing "fancy" about those little flats, no bogus trimmings. They are, in fact, precisely what their tenants want: a bedroom or two, a sitting-room, a bathroom and a kitchen at a rent of 40-50 Marks a month—say, 5-10 per cent. of the average earnings of workers and clerks in the town. Many of them can well afford, from time to time, to have an evening out at one of the spacious H.O. (State-controlled) restaurants and to spend, say, 20-30 Marks on a good dinner for two, complete with Polish vodka and Rumanian wine. In one of the two restaurants, I found one-half of the floor roped off: a card on each occupied table invited the women-folk to volunteer for part-time work as waitresses, so that the closed part could be opened.

There is, indeed, a considerable shortage of labour, in spite of a constant influx to cope with the fast-growing town. There are well-run crêches and a kindergarten, which enables numerous young mothers to work in factories, shops and offices. The charge is 25 Pfennigs a day for the first child, 20 for the second and 15 for the third; additional children are fed and looked after free. There is a well-equipped *Oberschule*, an *Unterschule*, and a brand-new *Kulturhaus* complete with a substantial library; and there are excellent facilities for the several hundred boys who are apprenticed in the steel works. A spacious theatre and cinema is to be opened before Christmas, and some recreation grounds, as well as a dance hall, are under construction.

Significantly, I found Stalinstadt agreeably free from the sickeningly monotonous and obsequious propaganda slogans which deface street corners in other cities, towns and villages. Evidently, the Stalinstadters do not need them; I have no doubt that the majority of them are for the regime, and too happily concerned with their own thriving community to be aware of the hollowness of the much-abused word Democracy in a country where "elections" are as bogus as those stage-managed the other day. And, after all, the Stalinstadters—and for that matter all the citizens of the "Democratic Republic"—can let off a good deal of political steam by grumbling about parish pump politics and about shortcomings in local administration and their own place of work. They can grumble to their hearts' content, and they can even get things done and have an inefficient boss sacked. That sort of criticism—to say nothing of the much-publicised *Selbstkritik*—is now not only permitted; ever since the June, 1953, riots, it is positively encouraged by the authorities. They are very proud of it and quote it—quite absurdly—in any argument about the contradictions of totalitarianism and liberty.

Stalinstadt, with its young population and constructional drive, must not be taken to typify the Democratic Republic as a whole. An angry old man in Dresden said to me: "Have you seen one cheerful face in this accursed country?" Certainly I have seen sullen faces, unhappy faces. Supporters of the regime are undoubtedly a minority of the population, but "out and out" opposition is declining—at least among the young

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

So They Say . . .

THE *Daily Herald* was the only newspaper to give unqualified support to the Labour Executive's censure of *Tribune*. "The Bevanite controversy," it wrote on November 12, "has been moving steadily away from political issues within the Party. . . . Now the issue is thrust forward by *Tribune* as one of freedom for the right to criticise. It is nothing of the sort. . . . It has to do with freedom of abuse, freedom to be destructive." *The Times*, three days later, also considered that no "mighty principle of freedom is at stake in this backbiting squabble about the comradely rules and ways of a voluntary body," and suggested that "this fight for free speech" was chosen as the "rallying standard which the adherents of Mr. Bevan have so far failed to fabricate out of re-armament, British or German." It did concede, however, that "It is silly, to say the least, for politicians to try to muzzle other politicians."

The *Economist*, last week-end, thought that "the Executive seems to have acted foolishly." Though it agreed with Mr. Deakin's view of the dock strike, "the editors of *Tribune* had an equal right to state their views." On Monday this week, the *Manchester Guardian* similarly suggested that the Executive "should decline any suggestion to make the 'Tribuneites' into martyrs. If they have to be expelled let it be on something of greater importance to the Labour Party." This advice, no doubt, followed from the *Guardian's* belief that Mr. Morgan Phillips would have been tactically wiser to keep "clear of controversies on how far minorities within the Party can be allowed to go in criticism." Mr. Foot, in its view, had trapped Mr. Phillips into "a discussion of abstract principle"; but it did not explain why it thought the issue of principle of free speech "abstract" rather than real.

The *News Chronicle* also said (November 11) that the *Tribune's* editors were "asking for martyrdom. . . . We hope that the Labour Party will not oblige them by expelling them," and "championed their right to freedom of political argument." The *Chronicle* went on to urge that pre-war divisions among the Tories "kept the party alive; and they never stopped it winning elections."

Making the same point on November 14, the

Observer pointed out that the "surprising line" of Mr. Phillips would

> . . . mean that once the Labour Party has declared itself on any current question, no journal or person associated with the party may take, publicly, a different line.

It concluded by saying that expulsions would "further alienate many liberally minded voters . . . disturbed by the authoritarian tendencies of the Labour Party machine."

QUEEQUEG

Sen Gupta

YESTERDAY I sat talking on the verandah with Prem Bramah about the problems of administration; whether, for instance, it is wiser to promote by seniority or by merit. If by seniority, then meritorious young men are apt to complain that the future holds little for them and that life stagnates: if by merit, then each promotion of a meritorious young man brings him a group of enemies whom he is promoted to control; and this group, looking outward for the satisfaction of its grievances, breeds disloyalty of a kind most difficult to combat.

"The problem is never a simple one," said Prem. "I will give you an instance. Years ago, when I was a deputy commissioner at Jullundur, the time came for me to consider certain promotions in my clerical staff, and calling for the recommendations of my superintendent I found no mention of a senior clerk, one Sen Gupta, who was in the line, as we say, for promotion. Seniority would have made him eligible and I knew nothing else that should prevent it. In fact I liked the man. I had known him for years; and I knew his father. I sent for my superintendent and asked for an explanation.

'Oh,' said he, 'Sen Gupta is a very good clerk, but he is all right where he is.'

'But is he not in line for promotion?,' I asked.

'Sir, he is in line, as you say,' answered my superintendent, 'but it is not necessary to promote him. He is not asking for promotion, and soon he will retire.'

We are apt to respect the recommendations put up to us from below unless there is very good reason to do otherwise, because they are usually well considered. I left it at that for the moment, but when he had gone I remained unsatisfied. His explanation was obscure, and something in his manner made me wonder whether he was speaking the truth. The next day was Sunday and by evening, when I realised that this promotion case must be disposed of in the morning, I sent for the superintendent again and told him that I was not satisfied.

'Sir,' said he, 'it would be better to leave the matter where it is and promote Ram Dass in his place as I suggested.'

'Nevertheless,' I said, 'I want to see Sen Gupta first thing in the morning.'

'I am sorry for this, sir,' he answered, 'I have made my recommendation after proper consideration. It would be better, sir, if . . . .'

'It is I who am responsible for promotions,' I said, interrupting him a little angrily. 'Please send him to me, first thing!'

'It would be no use, sir,' he replied with an imploring look.

'What,' I said, 'What did you say?'

'Then, sir,' he said in a low voice, 'I must tell you that for the last three years Sen Gupta has been blind.'

'Blind?'

'Yes, sir. You remember that in the spring of 1950 he took local leave to visit his parents, which

GANYMED

for everyone's Christmas

Though the quality of Ganymed reproductions is now famous it still amazes those who see them for the first time. The range of subjects is always increasing. £3, which includes tax, is the average price of a large print. The range of small prints (14in. in the larger dimension, 10/6, plus tax 2/6, each) is recently much increased. Among recent publications are pictures by Boudin and Vlaminck, Monet, Picasso and Turner. The new edition of *The Roadmenders* by Menet is available now.

and particularly for Christmas

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA: THE NATIVITY

The National Gallery, London. 22¾in. × 22¼in. £2/5/- plus tax 10/8. Now ready.

BELLINI: THE MADONNA OF THE MEADOW

The National Gallery, London. 21¾in. × 27¼in. £3 plus tax 14/3. Ready shortly.

New illustrated Catalogue 1s. 6d.

The following always have the complete range in stock.
All Ganymed Prints are obtainable at any good print shop.

LONDON	Piccadilly Gallery, 17, Cork Street, W.1. School Prints Ltd., 13, Motcomb Street, S.W.1. Zwemmer Gallery, 26, Litchfield Street, W.C.2.
ABERDEEN	Taylors Art Saloon, 49, Schoolhill.
BARRY	Gordon Mills, 2, Broad Street.
BELFAST	John Magee Ltd., 4, Donegall Square West.
BIRMINGHAM	Graves Gallery, 44, Cherry Street.
BRIGHTON	K. J. Bredon, 10, East Street.
BRISTOL	Frost & Reed Ltd., 10, Clare Street.
CAMBRIDGE	W. Heffer & Sons Ltd., 19, Sidney Street.
CARLISLE	Gray & Sons, 36, Blackfriars Street.
CROYDON	A. W. J. Simmons, 84, High Street.
DARLINGTON	T. Wood & Sons, 47, Coniscliffe Road.
EDINBURGH	Aitken Dott & Son Ltd., 26, Castle Street. J. Mathieson, 18, Frederick Street.
EXETER	Worth & Co. Ltd., 1, Cathedral Close.
GLASGOW	T. & R. Annan & Sons Ltd., 518, Sauchiehall Street.
LEEDS	F. Hutchinson 71, Woodhouse Lane.
LEICESTER	W. F. Gadsby & Sons Ltd., 22, Market Place.
LINCOLN	J. D. Wheeldon, 12, Strait.
LIVERPOOL	J. Davey & Son, 41, Duke Street.
MANCHESTER	J. Davey & Son, 70, Bridge Street. Malcolm Bishop, 232 Wilmslow Road, Fallowfield.
MARGATE	E. J. Lovely & Son Ltd., 116, High Street.
NEWCASTLE	B. J. Stone, 11, Brunswick Place.
NORWICH	Flint House Gallery, 34, Elm Hill.
NOTTINGHAM	Sisson & Parker Ltd., Wheelergate.
OXFORD	Ryman & Co. Ltd., 23, High Street.
READING	Reading Fine Art Gallery, 23, Cross Street.
WORTHING	Aldridge Bros., 35, Warwick Street.
YORK	R. B. Barker, 29, Stonegate.

AND AT OUR SHOWROOMS 11 GREAT TURNSTILE, W.C.1.

Great Turnstile is a passage between High Holborn and Lincolns Inn Fields. Underground Stations Holborn and Chancery Lane. Buses 7, 8, 17, 22, 23, 25.

New Subjects in Preparation

Early in 1955 we will publish CEZANNE'S *La Route Tournante*, a beautiful landscape which was shown in the recent Cézanne Exhibitions at Edinburgh and the Tate Gallery. The owners, the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, have kindly delayed the return of the original in order that the reproduction can be made. We will also publish the recently cleaned HOBBEMA *The Avenue at Middelharnis*, from the National Gallery. These will be followed by MONET'S *Cap d'Antibes: Mistral*, now on loan by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, to the Tate Gallery; COURBET'S *Still Life: Apples and Pomegranate* and CEZANNE'S *La Vieille au Chapelet*. The last two have recently been acquired by the National Gallery, London.

GANYMED PRESS LONDON LIMITED, 11 GREAT TURNSTILE, W.C.1.

was extended to sick leave. He came back from that, failing in his sight, and you complained of his work, Sir, but admitted later that it had improved. It was no more than three months before he was totally blind and what we should do was a problem because of his two boys and his old parents. The elder boy was doing well and about to take his matriculation. We did his work for him. Several of us agreed to look after him, and after that it was not difficult. He initials the letters we type for him, and he likes to follow the work. Ram Dass brings him to the office in the morning and he sits in the dark corner where he has always sat, and no one suspects seeing him there that he sees nothing at all. Neither you, Sir, nor the other officers have had reason to complain of the work, and we might have continued until his retirement in two years time when his son, perhaps, might have entered the office. A very good boy, Sir, who passed his matriculation with honours, but now . . .'

We looked at each other across the table, two functionaries in a governmental machine with a problem of promotion to be solved. His face betrayed none of the emotion he had allowed himself in putting Sen Gupta's case to me, but in the moment of hesitation that followed he pushed an inch further in my direction the file upon which he had noted his recommendation of Ram Dass, and with a relief that I can even now feel, I put my signature to it, and gave it back to him. We neither spoke of it again, and two years later the boy came into the office when the father retired, and is now doing well.

You see when we speak of promotion by seniority that is not the only consideration we have in mind. The members of a service are bound by loyalties to it, and consider the good of the whole with the welfare of its members. This expert, who is going the rounds of the department now, is sound enough when he talks of the theory of promotion by merit, but when he tries to apply his theory in detail he comes up against the illogical nature of human relationships and finds us more difficult to convince."

MAXWELL FRY

at

any

season

..for any reason

BOOK TOKENS

You can buy Book Tokens from any good bookseller and your friends can exchange them at almost any bookshop.
3/6 5/- 7/6 10/6 12/6 21/- plus 4d for the card

The Arts and Entertainment

A PLAY OF OUR TIME

MR. ARTHUR MILLER, the American playwright who wrote *Death of a Salesman,* takes as his new subject (now being given an excellent production at the Bristol Old Vic) the witch hunt at Salem, Massachusetts, at the end of the seventeenth century. It is a difficult though a very dramatic subject, and Mr. Miller has solved two of the major problems it presents. First he has developed—and over this, on the evidence of his earlier plays, one might have distrusted his ability—a language which very successfully places us in the past without being either awkwardly archaic or falsely poetic; secondly, he has organised the complicated material into a dramatic narrative which rises from its first small beginnings through a series of horrific climaxes to its end. He shows us the origin of the witch scare in a young girl who has learned the trick of rousing the adolescent hysteria of her schoolmates, and uses this power for her own purposes. We see it in operation in the house of the superstitious minister, and then we see how when she is accused, she turns the weapon on her accusers by denouncing everyone around her until the whole community is caught up in a hysterical outburst of terror and accusation, denunciation and hate. The atmosphere of panic is brilliantly evoked, and only at the end does the drama falter when the young farmer, John Proctor, who has tried to stop the rot, finds himself accused. The long sequence where he hesitates whether to recant knowing that he is right, or to suffer for his convictions, gives a feeling of falsity; his hesitation is only a theatrical device. That apart, the play is extremely forceful and compelling.

Here then, it is, the thing that is often being demanded from our playwrights—"a play of our time," a play hot and reeking with the news of the world in which it is created. And we must welcome it when the theatre recognises, as at the moment it all too seldom does, the kind of world it is living in. On the other hand we must also recognise that this approach is near to journalism and has its attendant disadvantages. In his choice of subject Mr. Miller displays pre-eminently the qualities that seem also to mark his work—courage combined with a rather rough insensitivity. It must have taken a good deal of nerve to produce a play on this subject in New York just now; but at the same time there is a crudity about taking literally what is only a vivid metaphor. The parallel between witch hunting and "witch hunting" is not; when you press it, very exact. And no doubt it is the necessity to keep the parallel as vivid as possible that accounts for the unsatisfying feel of the play.

For the fact is that this play, though theatrical to the point of the melodramatic, leaves us curiously unmoved. To see, as we see here, a wildly irrational superstition possessing a community, to watch its feeble origins and its appallingly sudden growth, its grip strengthening minute by minute until, before you know where you are, it has choked everything sane in this society, strangled pity, overlaid every human feeling and swept the just and the innocent to their deaths in a burst of sheer hysteria—this should be more than temporarily horrifying. And yet in the end the full effect is not quite there. We are, of course, cushioned from its shock by the width of the Atlantic. Over there, no doubt, the parallel would be vivid enough in the mind to add the extra layer; and Mr. Miller has doubtless relied on this too much, and has not consequently made this historical witch hunt believable enough. An English audience, muffled in its comfortable sceptical rationalism, is inclined merely to giggle at the extremer manifestations of hysteria. How could people ever have been so absurd as to believe all this nonsense?

Above all, I suppose, what one wants, and is not given, is any real feeling that those who create the hysteria are (apart from the rare exceptions) acting from motives understandable and not wholly bad. The judge should surely have been a key character here (e.g. Shaw's Inquisitor). He could have stated the case that made the persecutors seem less merely wanton. *The Crucible,* in short, suffers from one of the common defects of propaganda—failing to allow the other side a case (which doesn't strengthen but only weakens one's own). This central weakness produces, then, a first-rate melodrama rather than a first-rate play. The Bristol Old Vic gave it a very fine production. Mr. Warren Jenkins stages it for all the excitement it will yield—which is a great deal; and Mr. Patrick Robertson's décor besides being an ingenious solution of the problem set, admirably evokes, with its lowering sky and uncertain light, the atmosphere and the place. The acting is not outstanding, but it is adequate to the play's needs. A little more projection from Mr. Edgar Wreford would improve a fine performance immeasurably. Miss Rosemary Harris and Miss Pat Sandys do well.

The Bristol Old Vic are to be congratulated on their enterprise in getting hold of and producing this play; and by doing so they remind us of one of the great gaps in our theatre arrangements This play would find an enthusiastic audience in London, I believe, but it would be a limited one. Hopeless to drop it in, haphazard, somewhere round Shaftesbury Avenue on the off-chance that the people who might enjoy it would find it. They wouldn't—or they wouldn't, anyhow, in time. How badly we need an equivalent of the Old Vic or the Arts devoted to the modern repertory and run by someone with the enterprise and energy of, say, Mr. Anthony Quayle. There plays like this, or *Marching Song,* to take another example, could find their proper audience.

T. C. WORSLEY

LONDON MUSIC

THE revival of *The Consul* at Sadler's Wells seemed, in prospect, a dubious enterprise, justifiable only in terms of box-office success. That is certainly something which the enterprising promoters of *Nelson, Katya Kabanova* and *Luisa Miller* have earned the right to think about. But, so soon after its London presentation by the original American cast, an English repertory *Consul* might well have fallen flat. Menotti's opera is not made of durable musical stuff; it belongs rather to the world of *actualités* than to that of art, and nothing, one feared, could prove more dead than a 1950 newsreel.

Such misgivings have been dispelled. The theatrical striking power of Menotti's work has again triumphed over its musical poverty, and Sadler's Wells, casting the piece strictly from its own resources and thereby demonstrating the strength of the present company, has scored a brilliant and well-deserved success. In these self-conscious days it is seldom that an operatic audience stops the show; but that was what happened on the first night after Amy Shuard had passionately declaimed that trumpery piece of music, Magda Sorel's "frustration" aria in the second act—and I have no doubt her triumph will be repeated every time she sings the part. Miss Shuard's success was shared by the producer (Dennis Arundell), the designer (Quentin Lawrence), the brilliant conductor (Alexander Gibson) and by almost the entire cast. One other performance must be mentioned: the Secretary of Anna Pollak. Her work this season has set the seal on Miss Pollak's steadily growing reputation: she is now quite the most polished and

BACH'S

St. John Passion

by **The Robert Shaw Chorale**
The Collegiate Chorale
and the **RCA Victor Orchestra**
and **Soloists**
Conducted by ROBERT SHAW
ALP 1188-1190
(3 records in presentation box)

*

Carols for Christmas

Royal Choral Society
Conducted by **Sir Malcolm Sargent**
Organ: ARNOLD GREIR
A fine selection of favourite carols
ALP 1159

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Long Play

33⅓
R.P.M
RECORDS

The Gramophone Co. Ltd. (Record Division), 8-11 Great Castle St., London, W.1

For relief from
ASTHMA ATTACKS,
BRONCHITIS
AND BREATHLESSNESS...

THE
'COLLISON'
INHALER

is now available on hire for the comfort and benefit of treatment in your own home. The 'COLLISON' Inhaler is provided in hospitals throughout the United Kingdom.

Hire terms: £3.3.0 1st month (plus delivery) and £2.2.0 per month subsequently. Treatment and Inhaler as prescribed by your doctor.

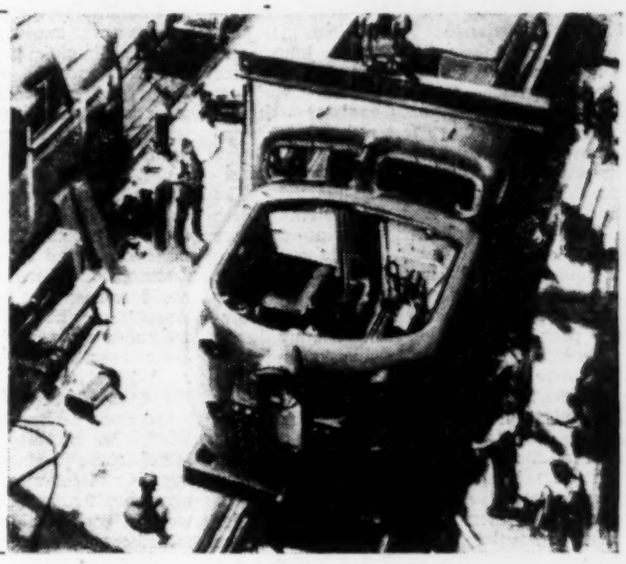
Write for booklet to —

THE INHALATION INSTITUTE LTD

87 ECCLESTON SQUARE, LONDON S.W.1
TEL: VICTORIA 1676

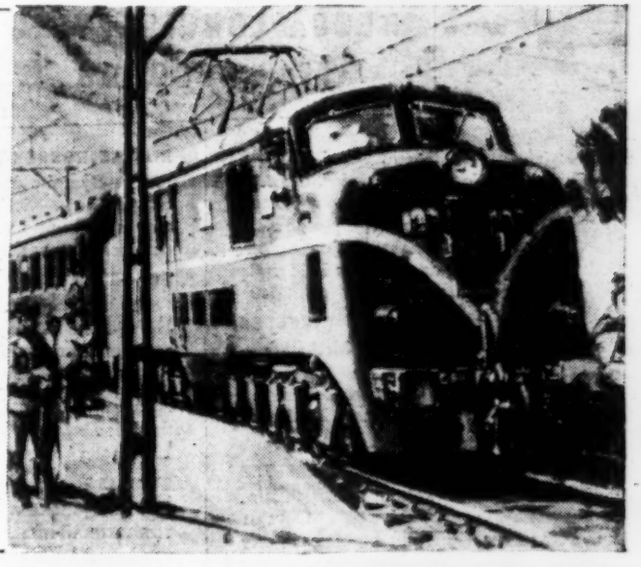
'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Providing superior acceleration, with greater fuel economy and less routine attention, electric and diesel locomotives are taking over from steam in many lands. ENGLISH ELECTRIC has supplied such locomotives to 29 countries—carrying out, in many of them, complete railway electrification schemes. In every case, design and construction take full account of local conditions and of particular technical and traffic requirements.



bringing you

Modern locomotives bring cleaner, more comfortable travel, faster goods and passenger services. In Spain, electric locomotives powered by ENGLISH ELECTRIC are hauling heavy trains at higher speeds over the Cantabrian mountains, on lines noted for their gradients, curves and tunnels. Helping to improve the railways of many nations is only one of this busy Company's contributions to better living in the modern world.



better living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

complete artist among our opera singers, the one who most closely suggests the typical "indispensable" member of a first-class German opera company. In *The Consul,* as in *Nelson,* her performance is so brilliant and so rounded that it almost throws the work out of balance. This Secretary—brisk, competent, long-suffering, and really after all very good-natured—hardly seems the embodiment of soulless bureaucracy which the author intended; when Mrs. Sorel launched into one of her harangues ("Tell them that John is a hero . . . tell them that he is *my* John") and Miss Pollak allowed herself just a passing glance at her wrist-watch—as who should say, "Just how long is *this* aria going to last?"—it was almost impossible not to feel rather more sympathy with her predicament than with that of the hysterical applicant. For this odd consequence Miss Pollak is not to be blamed. The truth is that the best of Menotti's invention, both as dramatist and musician, has gone into the more fantastic Consulate scenes, while the contrasting Sorel episodes have drawn from him little but flat "type" characterisation and hurry-scurry melodramatic music, varied by Granny's embarrassing peep-bo lullaby ("Isn't Granny funny any more?" she once dangerously asks) and those two elaborate dream sequences about which the less said the better. The agony and pathos that is supposed to pile up in these scenes achieve far less, with me, than that one most touching moment at the Consulate, when the little old peasant woman, speaking nothing but Italian, tells her sad story to the Secretary in a subdued but melting cantilena, while an elderly scholar attempts to translate, a bar or two behind the melody. In that scene, just for a moment, the subject of the opera is illuminated in terms that are not merely theatrically effective but artistically significant.

Two virtuosos have made recent appearances: an old favourite and a newcomer. Artur Rubinstein packed the Festival Hall with a recital devoted entirely to Chopin, and a page or two of the Andante Spianato sufficed to demonstrate the public's wisdom. For most of the evening, and especially in the First Ballade, the Second Scherzo and the A flat Valse of Opus 34 which he played as an encore, the great Polish pianist was at the very top of his form: aristocratic, fiery, tender, fanciful, brilliant. A marked feature of his playing is its combination of sweetness and boldness: even in the most lyrical passages we are never encouraged to loll or moon, and in two of Chopin's popular D flat reveries (the Berceuse and the Nocturne of Opus 27) his tempi were noticeably faster, and his approach more severe, than is usual. There were moments when the poet appeared to have been brushed aside by the man of action; but this was at all times Chopin playing in the grandest manner.

The Russian violinist, David Oistrakh, also drew a large audience to the Albert Hall for his first appearance in this country. His reputation has been spread by some brilliant recorded performances of Russian concertos; moreover, one could surmise that music had not, on this occasion, been the only pull by the audience's unfamiliarity with modern concert-hall behaviour—for example, by its desire to break into applause at the end of every sonata movement. Mr. Oistrakh began with two Sonatas, the first respectively of Beethoven and Prokofiev. In the Beethoven he was uninteresting: he seemed merely to be playing himself in, and demonstrating his possession of a fluent technique and an agreeable tone. But Prokofiev in F minor, a work of considerable subtlety and beauty which is dedicated to this violinist, proved a very different matter: this was a performance as intimate and revealing as the size of the hall would allow. After paying his respects to Schumann and displaying his virtuosity in an unaccompanied Sonata-Ballade by Ysaye, Mr. Oistrakh slid happily into the late nineteenth-century world of Tchaikovsky *morceaux*—a *Méditation* and a *Valse-Caprice*: dashing performances, greatly to the delight of his listeners. He is a considerable violinist; but neither in small music nor in great does he approach, on the evidence of this concert, the Heifetz or Stern level—still less, that of Kreisler.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A COMPARISON

THIS year the London Group decided to limit the number of works exhibited by members and to increase the number by non-members. Consequently 200 of the 300 pictures now at the New Burlington Galleries are by lesser-known artists. The press hand-out says that "A large proportion of the younger painters have ceased to paint abstracts and show realistic works." This confirms a fact frequently stated in these columns but still obstinately denied by those who wish it were not so.

This is not to say, however, that the show as a whole has the impact of any unity of purpose. On the contrary, like all large mixed exhibitions today, its general effect is one of aimless mannerism. The few works which stand out do so because they have a certain passion behind them, because some experience other than that of just making another picture seems to worry their forms. The majority of these are realist works, but not all. There is, for instance, John Dodgson's dream-like painting of figures looking out of a window; it is an oppressive, claustrophobic picture—almost like the memory of some urgent scene in the mind's eye of a man gone blind—but it has conviction. There is Kenneth Martin's abstract mobile behind which one feels there is true calculation, not just improvisation. There is Prunella Clough's *Woman Minding a Machine,* a well-designed, severely formalised painting which conveys an apt sense of austerity: the austerity of brown overalls and hair tied up in a scarf.

Among the good realist works are Greaves' *Sheffield,* Derek Ashby's *Highland Farm,* Arthur Hackney's Andrea-del-Sarto-like self portrait, John Nicoll's *Quiet Park* and Euan Uglow's large seated nude. This last picture can be very usefully compared with another nude in the exhibition, the *Girl with a Fan,* by Roger De Grey. They are painted on the same scale, and at first glance are equally "realistic." Yet in fact they constitute a perfect example of the difference between superficial and searching painting, between naturalism and realism. Both artists are competent in so far as they can draw in correct proportion and can control their pigment.

The difference lies in their intentions and vision. De Grey has seized upon surface appearances, skilfully simplified them, and arranged them as elegantly as possible. Uglow has searched and checked every form for its centre of gravity, has tested every minute articulation of plane like a climber testing his footholds, and so finally has achieved a view of the total structure of the figure—the structure from the inside as well as the out. De Grey has created his forms from the outside like a man blowing up balloons; Uglow has tended his like a gardener tending fruit that has grown from a seed. De Grey has exploited his subject; Uglow has been concerned with the needs of his subject. After the first glance all this becomes evident in the actual effect the two paintings have. The solidity of Uglow's figure "carries" when seen from a distance—except for the near calf where a sudden warm shadow comes too far forward. De Grey's figure has only the illusion of solidity when viewed from where he painted it. The reason for this is that his simplifications are the result of convenient omission instead of significant selection in the light of investigation. In front of De Grey's picture one thinks "Ah! La Vie Bohème, in which pretty girls lie naked on sofas"; in front of Uglow's one thinks, "A woman's life." If one looks closely at the Uglow, one sees the laborious way in which he has defined and separated the most subtle facets of each form; indeed, he has probably

A selection of recently issued

DECCA LONG PLAYING ffrr RECORDS.

HAYDN
Symphony No.100 in G major, Opus 90 —"The Military"; Symphony No.102 in B flat major, Opus 98 No.2
THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA conducted by GEORG SOLTI LXT 2984

NIELSEN
Symphony No.5, Opus 50; Maskarade—Overture
THE DANISH STATE RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA conducted by THOMAS JENSEN LXT 2980

BRITTEN
Diversions for Piano (left hand) and Orchestra, Opus 21
JULIUS KATCHEN with THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA conducted by BENJAMIN BRITTEN
Sinfonia da Requiem, Opus 20
THE DANISH STATE RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA conducted by BENJAMIN BRITTEN LXT 2981

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV
Antar—Symphonic Suite, Opus 9; Stenka Razin—Symphonic Poem, Opus 13
L'ORCHESTRE DE LA SUISSE ROMANDE conducted by ERNEST ANSERMET LXT 2592

SCHUBERT
Octet in F major for Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon and Strings, Opus 166
THE VIENNA OCTET LXT 2983

HANDEL
Arias and Choruses from "Messiah"
from the Decca complete recording of "Messiah"
LXT 2989

STRAUSS
Music of Johann and Joseph Strauss, Vol. 2
THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA conducted by CLEMENS KRAUSS LXT 2991

Christmas Carols
by the Westminster Abbey and Bach Choirs
LK 4085

DECCA — TRUE HIGH FIDELITY
THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LIMITED
1-3 BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

exaggerated this process because his realism having no further aim than itself has to make a virtue of rigorous observation for its own sake—but that is an honest fault. When one looks closely at the De Grey, one sees the sort of dishonesty (albeit unconscious) to which his approach inevitably leads him: the preparatory lines which are meant to check and guide the basic drawing of the figure have been put in *after* everything has been painted in order to give the picture a little extra bite.

Lastly, one must mention the most impressive work in the whole show—a large painting of the sea and a cliff face by Frederick Brill. Its method owes something to Courbet, but it is in no way derivative. It is a lonely work, painted, as it were, single-handed. One can see Brill, at first confronted with the confusion of the rock strata, then studying and simplifying, and finally, because of his respect for the objective reality of the scene, making his image intricate and complicated again. Now the cliffs on the canvas appear more permanent than the real ones would, the imaginative act of painting having eroded away all that was insignificant and temporary. This picture should be bought by the Tate or the Contemporary Arts Society.

At the Redfern there are some new water colours and monotypes by Robert Colquhoun, mostly of figures and animals. Colquhoun is a tragic and introspective artist who imposes the same mood embodied in the same formalisations on all his subjects. But at his best (Nos. 147, 166, 148, 143) he communicates a moving sense of hard poverty a little similar to that in certain Scottish ballads: knuckles press against the flesh, there is the smell of wet jackets and damp animals, the cheerlessness of peat, and somewhere in the background the human determination to endure. JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

IT is becoming increasingly obvious that there'll be no peace for us, and certainly none for the B.B.C., until the commercial TV stations are actually operating. It has always been assumed that commercial TV would mean a lowering of standards; and this has plainly been the Television Service's opinion. In some ways at least it has met the threat of lower standards by lowering its own. How else explain the importations from the United States, the *Amos 'n' Andy* and *I'm the Law* films. Now, however, we have Mr. Norman Collins's organisation signing up Mr. Edgar Lustgarten and Mr. John Irwin, who together have been responsible for the *In the News* programme since its beginning. *In the News*, the political discussion programme, is not what it was, and has not been for a long time. This is not the fault of Mr. Lustgarten and Mr. Irwin; it is the fault, simply, of the Party whips. Life left the programme when the independent speakers began to be crowded out and safe exponents of the party line brought in. If current rumours are true, Mr. Collins plans to bring the original members of *In the News* back and keep them, so to speak, in permanent session: Sir Robert Boothby, Mr. Michael Foot, Mr. A. J. P. Taylor and Mr. W. J. Brown.

I must say I find the prospect exhilarating. We shall be assured at one and the same time of excellent entertainment and a high standard of political discussion. But there is more to it than that. If Mr. Collins is successful here, he will be undermining the B.B.C. precisely at the point where it is alike most valuable and most vulnerable. B.B.C. television is at its best when it frankly aspires to the condition of journalism, in such programmes as Mr. Crawley's *Viewfinder*, documentaries like Miss Wayne's *Can I Have a Lawyer?*, *Panorama* and *Press Conference*. One had regarded these as the Television Service's special province. One has rejoiced in them because they have on the whole successfully combated the B.B.C.'s besetting sin of timidity. But the timidity is still there. Indeed, it is probably endemic in the very nature of the Corporation and the peculiar part it plays in our national life. If Mr. Collins can invade TV in what one has thought was the B.B.C.'s special province and give independent minds scope at the same time, the Television Service will be faced with really serious competition.

So far as commercial TV is concerned, everything depends upon the imagination of the men in control of the contracting companies. We are, for example, initially to have stations at Birmingham and Manchester, besides London. Here the I.T.A. is in advance of the B.B.C. At present regional television scarcely exists; what is done from the provinces consists for the most part of outside programmes; the regional television unit that has a zoo on its doorstep may be considered lucky. Can the I.T.A.'s companies in Birmingham and Manchester succeed in drawing upon the life and talent of those cities, in being genuinely local? Or will they merely be points through which programmes are piped from London?

If the latter, they will be in a position very similar to the B.B.C. regional stations in sound broadcasting. There was a time, when the present structure of English broadcasting came into existence in 1945, when the regional programmes seemed devised as alternatives to one another and to the London Home Service. The pattern of our broadcasting has worked out otherwise. For one thing, broadcasting regions are largely artificial, governed by engineering considerations rather than any real regional spirit. West Region, for example, stretches from Land's End to not far west of Brighton. The regions are too big to be genuine regions, which means that their output tends to be narrowly parochial—a local town band or choir whose performance can seldom be of much interest to anyone outside the town in question—or programmes which find their place in the national network and could equally well come from London. *Any Questions* is a case in point: the link attaching it to the West Country is now tenuous; it could equally well be broadcast from Bognor Regis as from Budleigh Salterton. Similarly, the connection between *Town Forum* and Midland Region is no longer very clear, the more especially since it now seems to come as often from Milan or Copenhagen as from Ashby-de-la-Zouch. These programmes have in fact become national.

It may well be a source of unexpected strength for commercial television that so many of its stations will be outside London, based on densely populated areas big enough to provide a variety of talent and yet sufficiently small to have a vigorous local life, a traditional attitude. Except in isolated pockets, regional cultures which can easily be differentiated from English culture as a whole are dead in this country. But there are such things as Lancashire comedians and even, remembering the ever-to-be-lamented Sid Fields, Birmingham comedians. There are also universities that are neither Oxford, Cambridge nor London. Programmes from a centre like Manchester, with its strong sense of identity and with its hinterland of Lancashire, might well prove livelier and more entertaining than those from largely factitious regions. WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Divided Heart," at the Gaumont
"Teeth in the Wind," at the Monseigneur

The appealing situation of *The Divided Heart*—a refugee child adopted by a German couple and reclaimed by his Yugoslav mother—was taken, we are told, from life. To pick well from life is one step towards making a good film. Then comes the more difficult task of keeping or making alive what you have picked. On the first count *The Divided Heart* may be granted full marks—100 out of 100; on the second, say 75. Good enough.

It isn't often, in British films, that one finds a painful and humanitarian theme treated with dignity. We mean well, but feel uneasy, summoning up a documentary grimness or letting reality slip away in an ooze of sentiment. That *The Divided Heart* does neither is much to its credit. The boy himself wasn't so hard to realise;

Edwin Muir

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

'**A minor classic** . . . beautiful writing . . . a primer on the art of goodness.' *G. S. Fraser, Observer*

'Beautiful and memorable . . . **most unusual, most important.**' *Elizabeth Jennings, Spectator*

'**A considerable triumph** . . . the enjoyment and understanding to be got are very great indeed.' *Times Literary Supplement*

'His judgements on his own and other people's experience are sensitive, just and exact.' *V. S. Pritchett*

Illustrated, 18s net

WILLIAM SANSOM

LORD LOVE US

PROSE BALLADS

'He makes prose live again.' *John Betjeman*

'Shot with **strands of disconcerting pathos and of piercing beauty** . . . the masterly accompaniment of **LYNTON LAMB'S** poignant illustrations.' *John Hadfield, Sunday Times*

8s 6d net

N. Brysson Morrison

THE FOLLOWING WIND

The story of a Glasgow family

'I have read *The Following Wind* with the sense of discovering **a special talent.** . . . It is when one comes across an interplay of character as subtle as Miss Morrison's that one realises it is just this which is missing in so much contemporary fiction.' *Michael Swan, Sunday Times*

'**A novel of distinction.**' *Glasgow Herald*

12s 6d net

HÖLDERLIN

SELECTED POEMS

Hölderlin, with Goethe and Rilke, is one of Germany's greatest poets. . . . This representative selection is translated and edited by

Dr. J. B. LEISHMAN

12s 6d net

The Hogarth Press

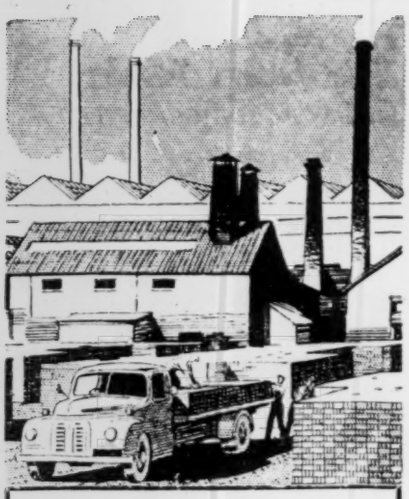
and with charm, a lost look, and the terror of his background, Michel Ray holds our sympathies. Where the difficulty starts is in bringing home his two childhoods and in confronting the two women who may each claim a right on him. The haven of his existence away from war, with school, ski-ing, tender echoes in an Austrian village, is invaded by legal inquiries: the cool benevolence of this intrusion, and the knowledge of committees and files, set to work in the distance, make the intervention more ominous. The postman cheerfully trudging through snow brings the registered envelope. It can't be put off; the boy must be told; there must be a long journey to the court where this case—as it has become—will be decided.

Then comes the mother. The face is Miss Yvonne Mitchell's, one that immediately impresses its sorrow. It haunts across the courtroom no less than in the tragic tale of occupation, feet marching at night, the final shot, the loudspeaker music in the square: from the terror of uniforms the boy flees across the bridge to another life. This episode has been finely and tersely imagined: it and the presence of Miss Mitchell gives just that twist without which we might otherwise have to take the rest on trust. We really feel the wrench as, under the guidance of the court, the boy decides to break away once again.

There are emotional clichés, dramatic overstatements: when the boy runs out of the house into the road, he has to be nearly run over, the whole legal nightmare begins with a knock at the door on Christmas Eve, and so on. This is not what might be claimed as, in de Sica's phrase, a film without cheating. I couldn't help thinking that if the setting had been nearer home, the people and accents and words all English, *The Divided Heart* might not have come off quite as it does. However, that's second thoughts. Charles Crichton's direction and Jack Whittingham's script deserve our gratitude, which must go also to Ealing Studios.

A twenty-minute documentary, *Teeth in the Wind*, made by James Carr and Michael Hankinson, deals with the locust, exhibits its mass invasions and its life-cycle, and instils the moral of international co-operation. No one who sees it will be able to forget its living thunder-clouds, the insect pushing out of its egg and casting off a sixth moult, the hoppers—not yet able to fly—on the march. Only thus can they be adequately attacked. Their march over a hundred square miles of desert is made horribly vivid. Left to themselves they can fly two thousand miles, and they destroy a quarter of the world's crops.

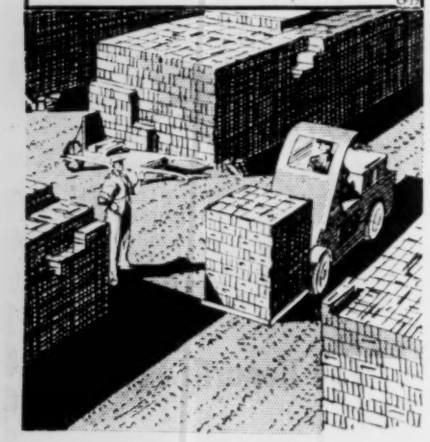
WILLIAM WHITEBAIT



MONEY AT WORK IN BRITISH INDUSTRY

The regular calls of the Home Service Insurance Man provide much-needed capital for investment in industry & commerce

Issued by the Industrial Life Offices



Correspondence

THE STRUCTURE OF TRADE UNIONS

SIR,—Anything that is written by G. D. H. Cole on the Labour Movement is bound to attract attention. It is unfortunate therefore that he should suggest in connection with the T. & G.W. organisation "that it would be better for its dock members, or perhaps its entire membership in transport, to hive off and establish a separate union."

Surely what needs to be discussed is the alternative forms of trade union organisation. It would be foolish to send people on a journey without first telling them where they are going and secondly how to get there.

Even if there was no vested interest of the existing trade unions involved it would still be extremely difficult to formulate an ideal pattern of organisation. I would very humbly suggest, however, that serious consideration should be given to encouraging and extending the industrial pattern of trade unionism. There could, of course, be a lot of arguments about what is an industry. Personally I doubt whether dockers and road haulage workers for example could be described as belonging to the same industry.

The nationalised coal industry provides an excellent illustration of the strongest of the industrial trade unions. The National Union of Mineworkers has evolved a very effective structure and it would be probably generally agreed that its organisation has never been stronger or more closely knit than at the present time. Practically all the manual workers and clerical staff within the mining industry are embraced by the N.U.M. Practically all the managerial grades are embraced within the British Association of Colliery Management, and junior underground officials are represented by the National Association of Deputies, Overmen and Shotfirers. Certain craft unions have a sprinkling of members and the two general workers unions have also a few members, but their influence, broadly speaking, is negligible.

The single union for all classes of worker within an industry is possible and effective, because there is that common sense of "belonging" to the industry.

The Chief Accountant in the Coal Board probably has more sympathy and understanding with the problems of his mining and mechanical engineers than he would have, say, with the problems of a chief accountant in the chemical industry. The multitude of professions which are embraced within the mining industry are all contributing towards a common end and it is logical that they should be represented by a common organisation.

The narrow, and often selfish, craft union approach to problems does not arise. There is a recognition that the employer, too, must make a balanced approach towards all sections of management and all sections of manual workers. This does not mean that all are treated alike, but it does mean that serious consideration has to be given to relative values, and the union which represents all sections cannot afford to fly "kites" for any one particular section. The union must have a balanced approach. The result is more realistic claims and negotiations conducted in a much more rational atmosphere than is so often the case where workers in one industry are represented by dozens of different unions each competing and trying to out-bid the other.

It would, of course, be almost impossible to get the large general unions or even the craft unions which have interests in scores of different industries to pull out and make way for a sane industrial trade union organisation. Selfishness still transcends logic. If, however, the advantages of industrial trade unionism are made widely known and discussions encouraged throughout the Labour Movement generally, there is at least a better prospect of an intelligent solution emerging from the present somewhat chaotic state of trade union organisation.

19 Beverley Gardens, GEORGE TYLER
Cullercoats, Northumberland.

SOUTH AFRICAN LIBERALS

SIR—Professor Errol E. Harris has raised contentious questions concerning the African National Congress and the South African Indian Congress in a letter published in your issue of October 9. He observes that, due to the Government policy of proscribing chosen Congress leaders, "moderate, reasonable and liberal leadership" among the non-Whites has been replaced by a leadership that is more extreme and Communist-inspired.

Speaking for the South African Indian Congress, I must say that I am amazed at Professor Harris's readiness to commit himself to a statement which is manifestly untrue. The President and a Vice-President of the S.A.I.C. were proscribed by the Government in terms of the Suppression of Communism Act, but both were re-elected by the last conference of the Congress as it was not prepared to accept dictation from the Minister of Justice in the running of its affairs. The circumstances of their re-election, however, precluded them from taking part in the activities of the Congress because of the restrictions imposed by law. They were not replaced by any other leader, "extreme" or otherwise. The work of the Congress is carried on by the remaining members of the Executive Committee in whom the leadership of the organisation is vested.

It is also untrue for Professor Harris to say that the Congresses are guided in their policy and tactics by a small group of subversive Whites and that they are not willing to co-operate with European democrats and liberals. The African and Indian Congresses have established themselves as the spokesmen of the majority of the people of South Africa because of the relentless struggles they have carried on

against oppression and tyranny. When the so-called defenders of democracy among the "liberals" were crumbling before the Fascist onslaughts of the Nationalist Government, it was the mass movement of the African and Indian Congresses that held the forts of democracy in South Africa.

Professor Harris's own letter, however, explains why it sometimes becomes difficult for the Congress movement to establish closer relations with the Liberal Party, of which he is a leading light. It is regrettable that men like him together with a number of Whites who find a home in the Liberal Party should believe that it is necesasry for the non-Europeans to be guided by "those Whites whose politics are reasonable and healthy and with whom it is essential for them to work if a peaceful multi-racial society is to be evolved in this country." So long as these misguided gentlemen continue to believe in this fallacy so long will they fail to appreciate the basic questions that confront South Africa and fail in their duty of striving for the attainment of fundamental rights for all, regardless of race or colour, equal in every respect and not subservient in any way.

YUSUF CACHALIA,
Joint Honorary Secretary.
South African Indian Congress,
Johannesburg.

THE LANE PICTURES

SIR,—As a survivor of the first Lane Pictures Committee, other members of which were Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats and Mrs. Duncan, I shall be glad if you will allow me briefly to recapitulate some of the arguments for returning the collection to the nation for which it was formed. Sir Hugh Lane was not "eccentric" in the way Mr. Glenvil Hall seemed to suggest in the recent House of Commons Debate. His changes of mind, which ended in his decision to revert to his original intention, appear prefectly natural if the reasons for them are taken into account.

When he first offered the pictures to Dublin, he made it a condition of his gift that a suitable gallery should be provided for their reception. When the plans for a beautiful and exciting Bridge Gallery, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, were rejected by the Dublin Municipal Authorities on the ground that Sir Edwin was not "an Irish architect," his exasperation can easily be imagined. Badly as he felt he had been treated in Ireland, however, the behaviour of the Trustees of the London National Gallery to whom, later, he lent the pictures for public display, infuriated him even more. Incredible as it may seem, they actually relegated such masterpieces as Renoir's "Les Parapluies" and Daumier's "Don Quixote and Sancho Panza" to the cellars, as being unworthy of exhibition!

Before he set out on his last journey to America, Sir Hugh dined with Mrs. Duncan, who was then the Curator of the Harcourt Street Gallery. They had a long discussion about what was to be done with the pictures, which ended in his giving her a definite promise to bequeath them to Dublin. The unwitnessed codicil was a redemption of this promise. Mrs. Duncan's evidence regarding Sir Hugh's last wishes can hardly be called in question. As her son-in-law I was in her confidence and heard her account of what influenced Sir Hugh to make his decision from her own lips.

On grounds of morality and equity, the case for the return of the pictures to Dublin has always seemed to me unanswerable. No doubt, in accordance with the strict letter of the Law, the British position is secure, though it was argued at the time that as wills and codicils of Servicemen who were killed during the war years did not require to be witnessed, the same principle should apply to Sir Hugh's codicil, in view of the fact that he lost his life through enemy action.

As regards "artistic opinion," which Viscount Hinchingbrooke told the Commons "had not been sufficiently expressed," surely Lord Duveen's gift of an addition to the Tate Gallery for the purpose of displaying the Lane collection to proper advantage says all that is needed on this point? Unfortunately, though the loss of the pictures would be a severe blow to London art lovers, this can hardly be said to provide any moral justification for their retention.

Stonar House, Deal. DOUGLAS GOLDRING

THE CORTISONE DISAPPOINTMENT

SIR,—The only disappointment, or rather lessening of hope engendered by the Nuffield Foundation decision not to continue research into cortisone treatment for rheumatoid arthritis is not that the drug does not effect a *cure*, because this was long ago realised by the few fortunate enough to obtain it. What does give cause for anxiety is that since it has been rejected as a cure, there is little chance of its becoming available to the millions of sufferers who might benefit from it.

If I may take my own case—and I have now been taking cortisone for close on three years—its efficacy in eliminating pain and permitting mobility is dramatic. It makes the difference between invalidism, a life of misery, and a near-normal existence.

Cortisone does not straighten crooked joints which have become set, neither obviously does it touch the cause of the disease; also, as with insulin for diabetics, the treatment has to be kept up. In addition, there are cases in which it has no effect, others whom it does not suit, and who may possibly develop other trouble; but this does not make it less regrettable that it should be beyond the reach of millions who might benefit: I do therefore urge a humanitarian point of view that the drug be made obtainable at a reasonable price. Who, out of a large and afflicted population of old age pensioners and people with small fixed incomes, can afford from eighty-five to a hundred pounds a year for the drug?

To those of us who had been taking aspirin for years, the dictum issued by the Medical Research Council, namely that aspirin had effects equally good as cortisone, sounds ridiculous. I think the operative words in the report which have been lost sight of were "in the initial stages of the disease," and for those, one must of course accept their findings. But for others like myself, my friend, and many people with long years of suffering behind them, aspirin has no effect beyond a very slight and temporary lessening of pain. Moreover, taken in large quantities, it upsets the digestion, and also loses its effect.

I would only add that in my case, not only does cortisone not lose its effect but that the dose can be lessened.

A SUFFERER FROM ARTHRITIS

HORROR COMICS

SIR,—My experience as a supporter since 1949 of successive anti-Comic campaigns is that finally they serve only to lend respectability to every kind of unworthy motive.

The first campaign was simply anti-American; it failed by the excesses of its activists. Later the target was shifted to "Sex and Sadism." This brought out a staggering variety of authoritarians. The underlying threats to customary liberties became so obvious that public support fell away. Now the word is "Horror," and under this banner the same mutually opposed anti-social forces have been joined, for conflicting and often irrational motives, by reputable publicists, religionists, and pundits.

A key fact in the matter, attested by the Ministry of Education, is that thirty per cent. of the population are "backward readers" at the age of 15. This proportion have an inborn lack of certain complicated and interrelated skills, without which it is difficult to read with expertness or pleasure.

A further fact is that humans from infancy have a zest for horror. Most people have seen a tiny tot endlessly scribbling pictures in which streams of missiles slay hordes of mannikins, while the child emits bloodcurdling noises. The enjoyment is so impersonal that the tot will freely draw a picture of itself inside the wolf after it has been devoured. The only horror most children instinctively reject is cruelty to animals. Children who attend establishments under the right auspices enjoy their horrors in

Snow on their Boots?

In the first World War Russians were strange creatures recognisable only by the snow on their boots! The Cold War made them as remote as visitors from Mars. Today the world seems smaller and friendlier. Moscow is but a few hours from London; M.P.s tour the U.S.S.R.; the Wolves beat Spartak; Khachaturyan conducts London orchestras; British artists play to packed houses in Leningrad.

And people in Britain who want to know what life is like for the average man and woman in the U.S.S.R. read *Soviet Union*, which has 48 pages of news, photographs and informative articles. At present available by postal subscription only, this monthly magazine costs 15/- a year or 7/6 for six months. Ask any newsagent to get it for you or write to:

COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS

44 & 45 MUSEUM STREET, LONDON, W.C.I

sanctioned forms. The Classics and their derivatives, and Holy Writ and its derivatives, are choc-a-bloc with "lovely grub." If that is not enough, horror is a prominent ingredient of most required secular literature.

The fascination of the Horror-Comic is that it brings this universal pleasure to the thirty per cent. of backward readers, as well as the better-endowed. Not all Horror-Comics are concerned with classic themes like necrophilism, lycanthropy, ritual cannibalism, or demonism. Large numbers present crudely drawn semi-illiterate versions of stories such as that of Joan of Arc, Samson, or Helen of Troy, with the sex and the horrors left in, but the obscenity left out. Nevertheless, in every committee of would-be expurgators, these and every other known Comic (and indeed every known publication of any kind) are vehemently slated for extinction by one interested party or another.

The excuse is always the influence of the disliked publication on the child reader. This is a strange doctrine to the teachers of the thirty per cent. Such teachers know only too well that any material presented to their charges with all the expertise of visual aids, skilled repetition and chalk and talk, leaves only a tiny residual impression. Yet it is pretended that a child gleefully gobbling through a wretched Comic, then immediately discarded or exchanged, will be lastingly affected by its influence.

The Executive of the N.U.T. has incautiously allowed itself to be drawn into the latest anti-Comic campaign; but already the unsuspected consequences have caused it to enter a hasty caveat. The original resolution welcomed and supported proposed legislation against Comics. On November 6 the resolution was passed with the following words added: ". . . if it did not involve the country in a narrow and dangerous censorship threatening the vital freedom of thought and expression." This in effect kills the whole thing.

D. O. DIXON.

11 Bywater Street,
S.W.3.

CHINESE IN THE U.S.

SIR,—We noted in one of your recent issues a letter from three Chinese students returning home from six years in the United States and stating that they would like to call to your attention the fact that there are several thousand Chinese students in the United States now being detained because of their technical training.

Of approximately five thousand Chinese in the U.S. who entered with student visas and a majority of whom were financed by U.S. funds, only 430 since 1951 have applied for departure to Communist China. Of these applicants, 124 were temporarily prevented from departing under security regulations applicable to all aliens and in force since 1918. Half of the 124 have lately indicated that they no longer desire to depart. The remainder of the cases are undergoing review, and thus far 27 have been or are being sent notices they are free to depart.

The fact that over 90 per cent of the students virtually all with close family ties in Communist China evinced no desire to return to the mainland after it went Communist is indicative of the attitude towards the regime in control there. There have been no persecution or threats aimed at those applying to depart for Communist China.

New York. EDWARD L. BERNAYS

MORALS AND IMMORALISTS

SIR,—No playwright can, in theory, uphold a censorship but, reading Mr. Worsley's article, I began to wonder whether its operation in this instance had really been harmful.

Let us suppose that no censorship of plays existed, or that the Lord Chamberlain had granted a licence to *The Immoralist* and that it was now being played in Shaftesbury Avenue.

What exactly would happen?

We know that, in a large section of the public and the press, the word "homosexual" induces frothing at the mouth. It is not difficult to imagine the kind of outcry that would be likely to follow the public presentation of this play at the present time: the endless letters to the papers signed "Disgusted," the high-toned articles ("A Public Scandal," "Should This Be Allowed?"), the questions in the House ("Is the Minister aware . . . grave disquiet . . . unwholesome plays . . . degrading spectacles . . . exploiting vice . . ."). If it is too fanciful to imagine that moral reformers might picket the box office or the stage door, one can be fairly certain that a few performances would be interrupted by shouts of "Shame" and "Take it off!"

I suspect, in fact, that the refusal to grant this play a licence has enabled a number of people interested in it to see and judge it under normal conditions. Had it been licensed would any manager, threatened with the ugly cry, "making-money-out-of-dirt!", have dared to present it in the West End?

As things are, the paradoxical truth is that the censorship has actually protected this play from the grosser Grundyism, and has thus acted with a truly liberal narrow-mindedness.

N. C. HUNTER

Bryncrug, Towyn,
Merionethshire.

THE P.E.N. ANTHOLOGY

SIR,—I am sorry that Mr. John Smith has interpreted my comment on the single poem of his included in the anthology I was reviewing, as a criticism of his style as a whole. But I fail to see what Mr. Smith's or any other poet's conscious intention has to do with the effect of their poems on the reader. At any ordinary level, to take it into account is to turn criticism into a super-local Poetry Fellowship Meeting. Mr. Smith admits that in his poem there are references "to Keyes's nature *as shown in his work*": what the author takes to be references to Keyes's nature I take to be a series of loose, rhetorical, imprecise, and unoriginal utterances, based (whether consciously or unconsciously does not matter) on the themes employed by Keyes in his earliest and most immature work—which, like that of many poets, has little connection with the real nature of his concerns with life or literature. Mr. Smith's protest serves only to enforce the main point of my review: that the majority of poets don't know what they are trying to do, and that they aren't saying enough because of this; and to confirm my choice of his poem to illustrate this point.

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH

ARTHUR PONSONBY

SIR,—Lord Ponsonby tells me that, contrary to the impression I gave in my Westminster report last week, his father, Arthur Ponsonby, did not remain attached to Ramsay MacDonald in 1931. In fact, he bitterly opposed him. His attachment to MacDonald, which was close during the 1914-18 war, died after his experiences in the first Labour Government. I am glad to correct my error.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

House of Commons.

"THE THAW"

SIR,—Mr. Ivor Montagu is quite right. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* published a reply by Ehrenburg to Simonov's attack on his novel, *The Thaw*. I did not see this reply until a few days after I had written the original article, but I added to the proof a long paragraph referring to this reply. Through some oversight, this addendum did not appear in the article, as finally published in your journal.

ALEXANDER WERTH

HENRI MATISSE

SIR,—As a very old friend of Henri Matisse and the wife of his oldest and closest friend, the late Simon Bussy, I would like to correct a statement made by Mr. John Berger in your issue of November 13. It is not true that Matisse was a member of the French Communist Party. A completely unfounded report that he was a member has indeed recently appeared in *The Times*, but I am sorry to see it echoed in your columns. The French Communist Party and press have, of course, made no such assertion.

DOROTHY BUSSY

The choice
for a lifetime
In the natural process of trial and error you'll find all the good reasons why so many men get a lifetime of pleasure from "Player's Medium".
PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT
JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Ask for this new airtight 2 oz. pocket tin.
PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT TOBACCO
John Player & Sons, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
[NCT 811]

The Amateur and his Wine Cellar

ON OTHER PAGES

		Page
YEARS OF GRACE	Allan Sichel	651
ON BUYING CLARET	Raymond Postgate	651
SOUTH OF DIJON	Edward Hyams	652
RHENISH HILLSIDES	Christopher Dilke	654
THE WILDER WINES	A. J. P. Taylor	655
TWO NEW BOOKS	John Freeman	656
BEFORE AND AFTER DINNER	Aylmer Vallance	656
BOTTLE IT YOURSELF	Len Ortzen	658

A Word for the Beginner

To any young and unsophisticated amateur of wine, who aspired to a modest cellar and asked for my advice, I should begin by saying: "Be a man of courage, disregard the morose perfectionist, have no truck with the label-snob, and find a friendly, reliable wine merchant." Bottle-scarred pessimists are always at hand to assure you that wine is not what it was. Claret had clearly deteriorated by Dr. Johnson's day, as he declared it fit only for boys. Anyhow, French wines were "finished off" by the Napoleonic wars—until that vote-catching radical politician. the late W. E. Gladstone, so reduced the duty on table wines that every grocer could stock them but no gentleman could order a bottle of Claret with safety at his club. And of course everyone who has drunk the real old wine knows that "things have never been the same" since the advent of the phylloxera louse. Finally, you will be told that German wines are more and more the product of the laboratory, not the vineyard; and you will be warned that the quick-maturing post-war vintages of Bordeaux and Burgundy will not last. Dismayed, the wine novice is apt to fill his cupboard under the stairs with unwanted household junk, his cellar with potatoes.

This is a great pity; and it is equally sad if he falls a victim to the tyranny of "vintages"—a tyranny powerfully aided by restaurant proprietors who seldom know anything about wine, but often feel themselves entitled to charge exorbitant prices so long as the year is "right." It would, incidentally, be easier to obtain reasonable wines at moderate prices, were it not for the way in which Customs duty is levied here. The result of levying an equal charge, irrespective of quality, is that the English wine merchants are inclined to play safe: they avoid the non-starred vintages. Yet some off-years contrive to last in a remarkable way, and turn up trumps *in* the end. But the real snobbery which the amateur must disdain is over first growths and *têtes de cuvée*—a snobbery for which the Americans have much to answer. Of course, the great names—Lafite, Yquem, Romanée Conti—are usually excellent; but they are disproportionately expensive. Moreover, a deplorable corollary to snobbishness in taste is that producers of the lesser growths—including many of the *immortels* who were classified 99 years ago as the leading wines of the Médoc, and the less familiar *deuxiemes cuvées* of the Côte d'Or—are finding it increasingly difficult to sell their wines. Their social inferiors, the often excellent *crus bourgeois*, are in even worse plight.

These facts are worth pondering by those considering the strategy of their wine buying. No wine amateur would wish to ignore the great names in French wine—nor, for those with expansive purses, the poly-syllabled rarities from the Rhine and Moselle—but their absence from a modest collection need not be too greatly regretted. What is frequently forgotten these days is that in the long run the first growths do not always turn out to be the finest wines of a vintage. This is true, not merely of Bordeaux, but, more or less, of the Côte d'Or. "Single" Burgundies (*i.e.* from one vineyard) of the lesser growths if well made, well bottled and "unassisted" by sugar, are safe additions to one's stock. Some distinguished but not world famous Clarets and Burgundies made since the war may eventually outdistance their "betters"; others will fade much sooner. The uncertainty adds to the fascination of collecting wine.

At this point the wine merchant must enter. He has to combine the qualities of the business man, the trusted adviser and the tutor. His job is to sell wine; but, if he is to inspire his clients with confidence, he must do so with a difference. The good wine merchant must prescribe for each of his customers according to their tastes, but at the same time be ready to advance their knowledge and deepen their appreciation. The best wine merchants are those who will, on occasion, tell you what *not* to buy from their lists.

There are those who think that to have a wine merchant is rather a snobbism these days—rather like boasting of a personal shoe-maker or hatter. In fact to rely on one or two firms—with an eye open for occasional purchases in other directions—is certainly the best and most economical way of buying wine. And it is not a question of quantity. Past are the days when Claret was laid down in 10 dozens—as Trollope bought the 1874 Ch. Beychevelle but never lived to drink it at maturity. A friendly wine merchant will not only gladly supply odd bottles; he will usually be prepared to keep in his own cellars quantities of half a dozen of a wine, where domestic accommodation is limited. The outstanding items on a merchant's list tend to disappear so quickly these days, that with a good young wine it is advisable to place an early order for drinking ahead. The quantity must be determined by several considerations, not least cash. Too little of a wine usually means that it is finished before reaching its best, too much hinders exploration of others. My own target—seldom attained, alas—for a wine of high promise is a dozen bottles and a dozen half bottles; the latter provide useful "trailers," informing one periodically of the wine's development and saving the whole bottles until maturity. And one of the advantages of a regular wine merchant is that if the wine turns out poorly, or is for some reason unsuitable, he will nearly always change it for something else; an unpopular wine in the cellar or on the table is no advertisement for the vendor.

Brandy, meester?

There are those who maintain that table wines need little keeping. This faction frequently turns for support to the country of origin. "In France they've finished the '47s and are now drinking up the '49s and '50s." True, but in the keeping, serving and drinking of wine we often order this matter better in England. Similarly, the French indifference to decanting cannot be admitted as sound evidence. It is not to be expected that the same concern and care be taken in a wine-growing country as in a water-girt and beer-soaked island where the bottle on the table is both dearer and rarer. None but the very oldest, most delicate red wine can suffer from decanting; access to the air afforded through decanting allows the wine to stretch, the aroma to develop. But this should not be overdone; a wine may wither if opened too long before being drunk—an hour should be ample. The decanting basket, symbol of restaurant wine-snobbery, is of little use unless the whole bottle is to be poured out at one go.

Generally speaking, a discriminating taste in wine is not a heaven-sent gift, but a matter of experience, interest and memory. The more one drinks wine the more one is likely to appreciate its qualities. A cellar-book, to record the appearance, evaluation and partakers of each bottle, is an

YOUR PASSPORT
for a delicious tour of France

Without even leaving the table, you can have much of the joy of a tour through France, land of sunshine and good living! Get your wine merchant's advice. *He'll* tell you that wine really means France, and France means a whole series of glorious wines—a choice for every taste and every mood. Every pocket, too: prices range from about 6/6 a bottle. Here's a brief reminder:

ALSACE

On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many white wines of distinction. The dry Riesling, the robust Traminer, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat—all are crisp and clean, fresh and fragrant.

BORDEAUX

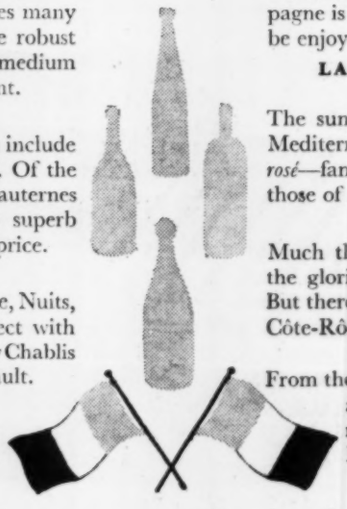
The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb château wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

BURGUNDY

Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Macon, Beaujolais, and many others—are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

CHAMPAGNE

The wine districts of Epernay, Rheims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle



—Champagne, sparkling wine of sparkling gaiety! Champagne is the perfect drink for any festive occasion, and can be enjoyed from hors-d'œuvre to dessert.

LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON AND ALGERIA

The sun-baked south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and *rosé*—famous locally but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

RHONE

Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteauneuf du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel *rosé*.

TOURAINE/ANJOU

From the valleys of the Loire and the Cher come the fresh and ever-refreshing Rosé d'Anjou; delicate Vouvray, both still and sparkling; fruity Saumur; and Muscadet, with its distinctive fragrance.

Welcome to the glorious
WINES OF FRANCE

ISSUED BY THE FRENCH NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR WINE PUBLICITY, IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE WINE AND SPIRIT ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN

invaluable assistance to amateur *expertise*; so is a small wine library, headed by those secular bibles, Cocks et Feret's *Bordeaux et Ses Vins* and Rodier's *Le Vin de Bourgogne*. Wine knowledge, if it is not to intimidate, must be lightly borne. It is not to be despised; wine usually improves when blended with a little intellect. But consumption must accompany controversy.

EDMUND PENNING-ROWSELL

Years of Grace

IN 1945, when the German troops were thrown out of France, the 1943 vintage was about ready for bottling and so was largely available for export in 1946, when the first controlled shipments began to arrive in Great Britain. Except for these pleasant, easy, young wines, a despoiled France had little to offer her oldest and most valued customer: only a few good examples of the uneven years of 1940 and 1942, and, in Bordeaux, of 1944; and there was nothing left in British cellars. All these were quick-developing, rather superficial, except the 1943s, which, while still developing quickly, produced some wines of merit. But there was no great vintage until 1945 itself produced a small quantity of superb quality, to be followed by 1947, 1948, and 1949, all good years but all needing time to develop. Needing time, but not getting it, because wine merchants, faced with an insistent and clamorous demand from their clients, found it impossible to withhold these vintages for even a few years. It is a sad fact that the 1945s, which could do with another fifteen to twenty years, and the 1947s, which could do with another ten years, have largely disappeared; whilst the 1949s, which need another four or five years, are already starting to be sold. Only the 1948s are still available in any quantity and they will probably need another five to seven years to reach their peak. This, in broad terms, is the background against which the vintages of the present decade must be considered.

In France, as well as in Germany, 1950 was a large vintage and produced a lot of good wine at reasonable prices. From the first it was obvious that these wines would develop quickly and evenly into pleasant examples of their individual districts. They are generally perfectly proportioned, having benefited by the right sort of weather at every stage of their development until the time for the vintage came, when the weather broke. The great majority of the vintage was gathered in the rain in Bordeaux and in Burgundy, and consequently the wines are lighter than they would otherwise have been. This does not mean that they lacked maturity—a perfect summer had assured their full development in every way—only that the rain at the time of the vintage diluted the richness of the must. The result is easily discernible in the 1950 wines today. The Clarets, which do not depend very much on weight for their attractions, are well advanced in development, *bouqueté*, soft, true to type, and already pleasant to drink; because of the large quantity made they are also low in price. The White Burgundies, depending on vivacity rather than weight for their character, are very successful indeed. The 1950s are then, in general, certain to give a great deal of pleasure before the 1945s and 1947s are ready for drinking, and in some cases before the 1949s. There is a large and varied choice of good wine on the market from 7s. 6d. a bottle.

The vintage 1952 is not yet of practical interest, since the wines have only just been bottled or are just about to be bottled. In all areas of France it is possible to find good wines of this year; from amongst these it will be possible to choose good, big wines for laying down in 1955. Subject to cellar conditions and personal taste, the medium categories should be ready for drinking between 1957 and 1960, and good for conservation for two or three years beyond that. The cheapest categories can be drunk next year. The classed growth Clarets and the more expensive Burgundies will possibly need a full ten years to reach their best and be good for a further six or seven years. The wines are bigger than the 1950s, with more flavour and a deeper colour. Conditions throughout the year were good, except for damage done by hailstorms in the Sauternes area of Bordeaux, and a lack of sun during September.

It is too early yet to give any final impression of the 1953s. They are considered at present to be on about the level of the 1952s, if perhaps rather lighter. They will not be bottled for another twelve months, and only preliminary selections of wines for Great Britain have so far been made. The Rhine and Moselle growers consider this to be the best of the three successful vintages of this decade.

There can be no doubt that Providence has been kind to post-war wine drinkers. Although few have in their cellars and cupboards any great wines coming along, it is possible to lay down a small cellar, at no great expense, of sound wines which will improve, as well as of wines suitable for more immediate general consumption. To begin with, for those who like a daily bottle or half-bottle of wine, excellent non-vintage red Bordeaux is readily available at 6s. 6d. to 7s. a bottle. At about the same price, refreshing Rosé wines from Anjou, Tavel and Bordeaux make a pleasant change, and an excellent drink for buffet parties or dances. For the more mature wines, the 1950 Clarets from districts such as Médoc, Margaux, St. Emilion, etc., with two years' bottle age, can be bought for about 7s. 6d., whilst for "guest nights," bourgeois growths of the same vintage and district wines of 1949 are available plentifully from 8s. to 10s. a bottle. For the special occasion, the great classed growths of the Médoc of 1949, lesser growths of 1947, Burgundies of 1949 and 1947 are sold from 12s. to 17s. a bottle.

Wines for laying down, the most rewarding of all hobbies, can be found in great variety and selected with the help of a wine merchant according to personal taste. Amongst the 2,500 bourgeois wines of Bordeaux of 1947, 1949 and 1950, at around 7s. 6d. a bottle, there are many that will be irreplaceable at a much higher price in three or four years' time. Similarly, 1947 or 1949 Burgundies of good districts are likely to increase even more in price. They can be had today from 11s. to 15s. per bottle and may easily increase by 50 per cent. in value in three years' time because there is an acute shortage of fine Burgundy. Finally, for those with a longer purse and time to wait, the 1945s can still be found in small quantities and will one day be as fine as anything that has come from Bordeaux and Burgundy; whilst the 1948s give scope for those with a shorter purse and longer vision.

In German wines, generally the Moselles are preferred young, and the 1953 vintage seems to offer a good opportunity for replenishing the cellar. The Rhine wines can be selected from the recommended 1953 vintage already on the market, with 1950 and 1952 for "older" wines with a year or two's bottle age.

ALLAN SICHEL

On Buying Claret

DURING all the past year Claret has been the best "buy" on the English market, and so far as I can see is likely to remain so for some months to come. Red wines from other countries—Italy, Spain, Portugal or Australia—rarely reach the quality of a good Claret, and are nowadays no cheaper. Its only rival is Burgundy; and Burgundy prices have been pushed up to an absurd level. Last summer I could get a hogshead of a sound 1950 St. Estephe, from a minor chateau, f.o.b. Bordeaux, for the price of half a hogshead of Burgundy of the same year and of very little better quality. The sensible thing to do, even for those who don't love it, is to drink Claret until the Burgundians, and their customers, come to their senses. In London today there are two large chain-store wine merchants who offer a sound Claret (a St. Emilion and a Médoc respectively) at 6s. 6d.; there are a half-dozen smaller wine merchants who have their own various Bordeaux at slightly more or less, all of a satisfactory kind. Pay eighteen-pence more and you can find Clarets of some quality, which have bouquet, individuality and perhaps a vintage year; and which repay decanting and warming in the glass with your hand. Of no other wine is this true.

Vintages are more discussed in Clarets than in any other wine except Port. The rule of thumb is fairly well known: "Choose the odd years in the 'forties, even years in the 'fifties." 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1950, 1952. But it looks as if this mnemonic is going to fail us. The 1953s are developing well, and the 1954s are in great danger. There was a burst of sunshine at the very end of the autumn that may save them, especially the late-vintaged wines. (St. Emilion

Drambuie

The secret recipe of DRAMBUIE was presented in 1745 to a MACKINNON of SKYE by Prince CHARLES EDWARD STUART as a special reward for loyal services. Since those historic times DRAMBUIE has become the familiar delight of both STUARTS and HANOVERIANS. Indeed, all who take pleasure in RARE and SUBTLE flavour know that a sip of this choice LIQUEUR always provides an HISTORIC occasion.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO LTD

was harvesting still in the last week of October.) But until then the weather had been horrible. Nor for the 'forties was the rule ever a solid one. Such rules never are; the little score-cards numbering the vintages which wine merchants will give you are most fallacious guides. In every "good" year there are bad Clarets; in every "bad" year many vineyards escape the evil weather. The guide to buying Clarets that I am going to offer is therefore the most general sort of indication and subject to every possible exception.

1941. None left.
1942. Rare, variable but mostly good; ready to drink.
1943. Good, but expensive; drink it now.
1944. Poor.
1945. Probably will be very good, but oddly slow to develop and still not good drinking.
1946. Few good wines.
1947. A very excellent wine, well developed and good to drink now.
1948. Excellent, light, underestimated and underpriced; seize what you can and drink it up.
1949. Will be the greatest wine of this quarter of the century; buy and keep it if you can for a couple of years more.
1950. Good, and what I have had has been ready to drink.

All these wines are old wines in the French sense of the phrase. In a French shop, *vins vieux* are those which have been a year or two in bottle, no more. Old wines in our sense are rare; it would be regarded as extravagant to drink them otherwise than very occasionally. We shall have to learn to accept the same standard, for there are very few pre-war wines which are both good and offered at a reasonable price.

It is more important for a Claret drinker to know the meanings of the various subdivisions and classifications of the wine than for almost any other wine-drinker except the Hock-drinker. The protection afforded by the French Law of Controlled Appellations has been weakened of late—there is some terrible thin Beaujolais in the Paris cafés and some Languedoc wine that should never have been made at all—but in the Bordeaux area it is as stern as ever and more detailed than elsewhere. It prescribes not merely the area from which the wine under a given label must come, down to separate fields, but the vines that may be used, the closeness with which they may be planted, the method of pruning, and the percentage of sugar in the must.

The system of classification is like a series of rings, each within the other, each becoming narrower (and the conditions more severe) as you go further. "Bordeaux" by itself on a bottle indicates merely a wine made or blended from grapes grown somewhere within the whole delimited area. It will be an *ordinaire*. The next classification is by regions within the Bordeaux area: these regions (for red wines) are: Médoc, Haut Médoc, Graves, St. Emilion, Pomerol, Bourg, Blaye, Fronsac, Premières Côtes de Bordeaux. These wines should be considerably better than *ordinaires*, but there are few or no great wines in the last four areas. In the first three areas there is another, closer classification --that by the commune. The most famous communes are all in the Haut Médoc and all have a marked individual taste. St. Estephe, St. Julien, Pauillac, Margaux and Cantenac are the best. Finally, in all the areas there is the last and narrowest classification, that by the individual chateau, which may be no more than a farmhouse. In the Haut Médoc there is another eccentric listing; in 1855, they arranged 64 chateaux in *"crus classés"* from I to V plus some "exceptionals," based upon the prices they had fetched in previous years. No wine in the list lacks the distinctive Claret taste, but otherwise the numbering has long ago lost all meaning, and is only copied from book to book because there is no other list. There are three chateaux which are by common consent superb: Latour, Lafite, and Mouton Rothschild, listed as two firsts and a second. Incidentally, you can only buy these last wines chateau-bottled, which, because of our irrational Customs duty, means an increase of some 2s. a bottle on their already high price.

The red Graves are less well known than the Médocs; they are for that reason sometimes slightly cheaper. They are very like the Médocs, and among them are some almost equally famous chateaux. La Mission Haut Brion and Smith-Haut-Lafitte are noteworthy; it is customary also to cite Haut Brion, an opinion that I do not share. The St. Emilions, however, are very different. They have been described as half-way to Burgundies; they have a much fuller and rounder taste than the Médocs, and their bouquet is heavier. The vines grown on the limestone hill of St. Emilion itself are hard and long-lived, sometimes taking ten years to develop. Canon, Beausejour, Clos Fourtet are among the famous names; Ausone, whose first owner was Ausonius, the poet, is uncertain, but when it is good it is the best of all. The wines of the plain around are more velvety and quicker to develop; Cheval Blanc, the best of them, is the equal of the great Médocs. All St. Emilions are held to be invigorating and rich, even to the extent of inducing congestion when taken to excess. The Court of Louis XIII, marooned here for fear of the plague in Bordeaux, drank so much in two months (says the chronicle of Libourne) *que plusieurs en moururent et plusieurs autres en naquirent.*

RAYMOND POSTGATE

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
DRY SACK
The World Famous Sherry
SPAIN'S BEST
ORDER SOME FOR CHRISTMAS
DRY SACK
SHERRY
Shipped and Bottled by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
JEREZ and LONDON
"WALNUT BROWN" and "CARLITO" complete your family party
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD · 35 SEETHING LANE · LONDON · E.C.3

South of Dijon

No single attribute of colour, taste, body or bouquet is implied by the term *Burgundy* as applied to wine. Legally, Burgundy is a wine grown in the *Côte d'Or, Saonne et Loire,* or *Yonne.* In that region there is considerable variety in the soil; and since the number of varieties of grapes grown is greater than is generally supposed, there is no reason why the wines called Burgundy should all have the same character. Of the reds it may perhaps be said that they have more ruby in the colour than the Bordeaux, nor is the bouquet the same; they are not "heavier," however, as is often claimed, since Burgundies vary in this attribute from something comparable with a Hock, to very strong and ponderous wines which will last half a century. Contrary to a widely held and industriously propagated illusion, it is perfectly possible for everyone but a professional taster, or a character in a snobbish detective-story, to mistake *some* red Burgundies for *some* Clarets. Not being either of these things, nor of that body of earnest and oinologically learned men who strive to describe wines in words, although terms are wanting, I shall simply claim that the *best* Burgundies are perhaps the greatest wines in the whole world, and the most delicious; that bad Burgundy is everywhere and should be avoided; that if you are going to spend less than 15s. on a bottle of wine, buy Claret, which is much better in the lower price range. However, if you wish to do yourself proud and have a pound or more to spend, then you may turn to the Burgundies.

Beginning with the North of the vineyard, the *Basse Bourgogne,* although it produces some red wines, is famous for its whites, notably the wines of Chablis and the exquisite Pouillys which are, for me, the most perfect white wines in the world, not excluding the Montrachets from farther south. Of the *Basse Bourgogne* wines no better description has ever been composed than that quoted to the Friar Salimbene when, in 1247, he settled in Auxerre. The vignerons told him that, to be good, a wine must be:

Et bon et bel et blanc
Fort et fier, fin et franc
Froid et frais et frétillant.

South and a shade East of Dijon, for thirty-five miles, there extends a kind of sloping, inland cliff, its long flank exposed to the sun and broken by a sort of chines or alluvial valleys. The high point of this range is the Mont Afrique (2,000ft.); the whole face of the range is, of course, rocky, and its top soil is meagre, even towards the foot where the best vineyards are. This system is *La Côte,* and it extends through Chalons and Mâcon into the Beaujolais. The great Burgundies and the Beaujolais wines (legally Burgundies but with a difference) are all grown on *La Côte*; most of them are red, a few of the very finest white.

At Dijon railway station it is possible to hear a train announcer sing out the following litany: *Chambertin—Vougeot—Nuits St. Georges—Beaune—Pommard—Volnay—Mersault.* He is announcing a train, but his announcement makes an excellent wine list for those who want to drink the best Burgundies. To the west of this viticultural railway and parallel with it is a main road—it is an oinological ribbon development, the villages named above being more or less joined together by a line of villas, houses and châteaux inhabited by people dressing vines, making, drinking and trading in wine, much of it from the *Arrière Côte* beyond the road.

Why is Chartreuse the most expensive liqueur?

Because it is the strongest; and because of the unique method of its preparation. Chartreuse, a monastery secret since 1605, is the only liqueur made by monks. Unswayed by commercial motives, they follow the ancient recipe involving the blending of 130 herbs. No host can pay a greater compliment than to offer Chartreuse. No guest can show greater discrimination than to drink it.

Green *Yellow*

Chartreuse Liqueurs

In sizes for all purses, including miniatures

The Wine of the Year

1949 Liebfraumilch
'BLACKFRIARS'
LABEL

Not too sweet, not too dry.

The finest wine in its class. An excellent accompaniment to any main course—fish, poultry, white meat or red meat.

At your
Wine Merchants
S. F. & O. HALLGARTEN, LONDON, E.C.3

LUNCH & DINE

WITH
Bordeaux
Wine

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STEINWEIN
Estate bottled by Juliusspital, Wuerzburg
AT PRICES FROM
14/9
PER BOCKSBEUTEL
can only be obtained through
LOEB
Shippers of Fine Wines since 1874

O. W. LOEB & CO. LTD
1 ROBERT STREET · ADELPHI · LONDON W.C.2
Phone: TRAfalgar 1927

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LC48

DRAW ON LAYTONS
for Xmas *Wines*
2a, DUKE STREET, LONDON, W.1 MANCHESTER SQ. Welbeck 8808.

Rhenish Hillsides

Hock takes its name from Hochheim on the River Main, which supplied Queen Victoria with her favourite bottle. Even today Hochheimer Domdechaney, the best wine of the place, magnificently justifies royal taste. But the name "Hock" is a misnomer for all that, for it is used to embrace all the white wines of the Rhine, and even all those of Germany.

Hochheim is an outpost of the most famous wine-district of Germany, the Rheingau. Look at the map, and you will see that below Wiesbaden the Rhine flows from East to West, instead of South to North, for a short distance. Along the northern bank, facing the sun, are two parallel lines of hills. Vines were first grown here by the Romans. Charlemagne is said to have noticed that the snow melted quickly on a certain slope, and to have ordered a vineyard to be planted. Princes of the Church extended the good work in the Middle Ages in order to provide a pure Communion wine.

The noblest wines of the Rheingau are Schloss Johannisberger, Erbacher Marcobrunn and Steinberger Cabinett. They are prized for their delicate flavour, their body and their flowery aroma. Like other Rhine wines, they are matured in a cask and filled into tall, tapering bottles of brown glass. On the label is printed the year, the name of the place and vineyard, the name of the grape, in this case probably Riesling, and any special information about the picking of the grapes. For instance, *Auslese* signifies that well-matured bunches have been specially selected; *Spätlese* means that bunches have been left after the general gathering, to profit by the late September and early October sunshine; and *Trockenbeerenauslese* tells you that some selected grapes have been left, in a specially fine autumn, to wither into raisins and out of their richness provide a sweet, golden wine which only millionaires can afford to drink.

The vintages which are traditionally best-suited to the English palate are those of Rheinhessen. They are grown between Worms and Mainz, on the opposite side of the river from the Rheingau. Partly because of the juicy Sylvaner grape, which is much used, their character is soft and amiable. Niersteiner Hipping and Oppenheimer Kroetenbrunnen are names to look for on the wine-list. The so-called Liebfraumilch is another matter. This name is derived from the celebrated Liebfrauenstift at Worms but is used to designate, not the product of that vineyard, but any Rhine wine of reasonably good quality.

Higher up the Rhine than Worms, near the Cathedral city of Speyer, lie the vineyards of the Palatinate, which the Germans know as Rheinpfalz. The most notable of them are at Forst, Deidesheim, Ruppertsberg and Wachenheim. Traminer grapes, as well as Riesling, are used; and a Forster Jesuitengarten or a Wachenheimer Geruempel can show an elegant lusciousness which puts it on nodding terms with Chateau Yquem. Opera-lovers may have met with these Palatinate wines at Glyndebourne, where they are a speciality of the house.

Into the Rhine at Bingen, where it cuts its way picturesquely through the mountains, flows the River Nahe, notable for its Schloss Boeckelheimer and other graceful wines. But the noblest tributary of the Rhine is surely the Moselle. What distinguishes Moselle from Rhine wines is the quality called *angenehme Säure*—pleasant bitterness. They are light, charming, delicate; and if drunk to excess they result only in a "*Moselschwips*," an intoxication which leaves no

Viticulture on *La Côte* is rather democratic. There are, of course, a number of chateaux vineyards belonging to large and wealthy proprietors, but on the whole the entire vast *vignoble* is made up of small-holding freeholds, and some of them very small indeed, a fraction of an acre. The peasant proprietors live in the villages and go out to their work. Until the 'twenties, most of the vignerons were their own vintners; now they are organised into producer's co-operatives and the grapes of many holdings may be handled in a single winery. Nevertheless, the integrity of the very famous small vineyards—*e.g.*, Romanée Conti—has been preserved, for the special excellence of the wines from several of these is entirely dependent on a particular soil and exposure. The output is limited by the site of the vineyard and it may be that the conditions which produce the characteristic excellence of the wine are confined to three or four acres. It is this, in fact, which justifies the high price of the best Burgundies.

La Côte is divided into several component *côtes*. The largest is the *Côte* de Beaune and it produces the wines named Corton, Pommard and Volnay, among others, including the superb white Montrachets. The *crus* of Chambertin, Clos Vougeot, Romanée Conti, Richebourg and St. Georges all belong to the Côte de Nuits. The small, northernmost Côte Dijonnais is distinguished for the Clos du Roi vineyard. The Côte Chalonnaise produces white wines about Rully, and the red Mercurey and Vale d'Or. Finally, Mâcon and the Beaujolais—the life of whose small hill towns of vignerons was made familiar to English readers in Chevalier's famous *Clochemerle*—produce such admirable *crus* as Solutré, Romanèche and Chaintré.

Unlike the Bordeaux and because of the small-holding which predominates in Burgundy, the wines are not identified with chateaux. If the name on the bottle is simply that of a town or village, *e.g.*, Pommard, this usually means that it is the co-operative product of a number of small vineyards about that village. Such a wine may be good, or it may be indifferent. There are excellent "village" wines, for example that of Chablis. If the bottle bears the name not merely of a town, but of a vineyard, *e.g.*, Romanée Conti, Clos Vougeot, Hospices de Beaune, the wine will be dear, but very good. Such famous names are rigorously protected by law, and the drinker of the wine is likewise legally protected, since the vigneron has to work to a legally established high standard, from cultivation to bottling.

Generally speaking, Burgundies mature more quickly and can be drunk younger than Bordeaux. There are, of course, Burgundies in certain years which only reach perfection at a great age, but many are often excellent at four or five. The year of the vintage is quite important, more so in the case of the lesser wines, for the great ones are not marketed at all in really disastrous years. The practice of adding sugar to must, when sunshine-hours and temperatures have not been sufficient to do it, is more general than is realised. It is a harmless practice designed to raise alcohol strength, by which ordinary wine is priced. But it does not produce the best wine.

I think the following rough rules for buying Burgandy are sound: unless a great and rare vintage is in question, don't worry about age; spend enough to afford a "vineyard" name, not merely a "village" name; choose a year generally acknowledged to be good; and don't fuss about what you drink it with, although the white-with-fish rule is best observed.

Edward Hyams

trace behind it on the following morning. The Moselle wine trade, centred on the Roman city of Trier, and latterly also on Traben-Trarbach, has its own special customs and traditions. The wine-shoots are twisted round so that they resemble giant spectacles; the cask is called, not a Stueck, but a Fuder; and the bottles are not brown but green or greenish-blue.

The most prized of the Moselle wines, nearly all of them, come from a single stretch of the river a few miles in length. They are Berncasteler Doktor, Graacher Himmelreich, Wehlener Sonnenuhr, Zeltinger Schlossberg, Uerziger Wuerzgarten and Erdener Treppchen. Other famous wines, upstream, are Piesporter Goldtroepfchen and Brauneberger Juffer.

Moselle wines are drunk in their youth. It is held that after about six years they begin to degenerate. But the more sunny wines of the Palatinate can live for half a century. Some Rheingau wines, too, have a surprising longevity: the "centenary" vintage of 1911 still has its vigorous survivors. 1945, the year of peace, was a great year. 1947 and 1948 were commendable. 1949 was the best year of modern times and its wine is correspondingly rare and expensive: for Moselle this vintage is the very summit of perfection, golden yellow and as sweet as sunshine. Both 1950 and 1952 were good years. But 1953 is my choice for laying down.

In buying Hock, it is unnecessary to pounce on the most notable names: Berncasteler Doktor can be left for the statesmen and steel magnates. A wiser policy is to choose wines of a good year and district which are guaranteed "*naturrein*," or free of artificial sweetening, by the grower or shipper. (The word "Wachstum" on the label conveys a similar guarantee.) Such wines can be bought in England, by the assiduous looker-around, for 10s. 6d. or 11s. 6d., whereas the more famous bottles may cost upwards of 25s. Even 10s. 6d., of course, is more than you would pay for a comparable Claret or Burgundy. It is a fact that Hock is expensive: that is accounted for by the northern lie of the vines and their proneness to disease, the comparative lack of sunshine and the steepness of the hills on which the growers work. Hock and Moselle are victories of man's skill, continuous for two thousand years, over climate and topography. If you doubt it, travel once to the Moselle and see the hill of Calmond at Eller, where to tend the vineyards is to risk life and limb on the precipitous rock-face!

According to English custom, Hock and Moselle are drunk at dinner with fish or white meat. Sparkling Hock can be drunk as an apéritif or with the dessert. But in Germany it is the custom to drink after, rather than with or before, dinner. The wines are fetched from a cool cellar, or a refrigerator, for they should always be drunk slightly chilled. The foil cap over the cork is cut round with a knife and bent upwards, not removed. The cork is drawn a short while before serving. And when the wine is poured out, then the friends around the table raise their glasses in concert, feel the weight, see the colour in the lamp- or candle-light, clink glasses and listen to the sound, speak a toast, sniff at the bouquet and at last taste the wine. Ceremoniously, in concert, they put the glasses back on the table. Perhaps they look affectionately towards the bottle, which, if it is a Spitzenwein, something out of the ordinary, bears a garland about its tapering neck. Let me think quickly what is the noblest wine which I have drunk in such circumstances: I think a 1933 Steinberger Cabinett, in the old monastery at Eberbach.

CHRISTOPHER DILKE

The Wilder Wines

THE great French wines and some Hocks achieve the sophistication of Havana cigars or first editions. But few men want, or can afford to spend all their lives at this rarefied level; and when they return to common earth, then is the moment for the wine of other countries. After all, wine is not for the reverence of the connoisseur, but made to be drunk. Open the bottle; pour out the wine and swill it down. Like Tennyson greeting the Crimean war, you will be one with your kind.

Everyone likes drinking the wine of the country when he is abroad; and we can justify a bottle of Greek or Portuguese wine from the same love of adventure which makes us occasionally prefer a Balkan inn to the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo. Your guests will drink an ordinary French wine without remark. They will be stirred to chatter by the look of a Chianti flask; and your dinner-party will be made if you range as far as Bulgaria or Chile. Besides, every wine demands the food of its own country; and the brutal peasant-dishes of most European countries kill the best French wine. You must have Rioja with the arroz of Valencia and follow goulash with a Tokay.

Italian wines come first. Alone of European wines, they do not try to imitate France or Germany. They have their own unmistakable character. Even the cheapest Italian red wine does not taste of red ink, though it may be so rough as almost to scald your palate. Hence, unlike French wine, it may be drunk cold. It should be drunk in gulps like beer, never sipped; and therefore served in a tumbler, not in a wineglass. Chianti bewitches by its bottle alone. Its names (Brolio, Ruffino) are of makers, not of vineyards, guarantees of steady, reliable quality. There is nothing

AVERYS

Specialists in fine wines

Those who want to be sure of fine wine which has been carefully selected and, equally important, properly handled, are frequently customers of Averys of Bristol. Their list—with over 500 different wines—is by far the most comprehensive in the country, ranging from inexpensive but excellent table wines to the classic vintages. Choice Clarets, fruity Burgundies, delicious white wines full of their natural grapiness—Averys have been shipping such wines for 160 years.

Full new Price List sent on request.

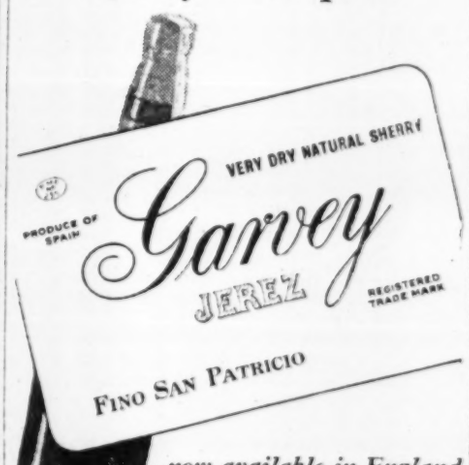
CLARET		
†*Cotes de Fronsac*	1950	6/9
†*Pomerol*	1949	8/6
Ch. Beychevelle	1948	10/6
Vieux Chateau Certan	1947	12/6
Ch. Lafleur	1943	18/9
Ch. Smith-Haut-Lafitte	1929	23/-
BURGUNDY		
†*Petty Macon*		7/-
†*Beaujolais "Clochemerle"*	1949	8/6
Cotes de Beaune	1949	9/6
Nuits St. Georges	1947	11/6
Mazis Chambertin	1947	17/-
Clos de Vougeot	1945	21/-

Trial case of one bottle each of the 4 wines marked † sent for 30s. post free

Averys of Bristol

7 Park Street

Here's the most sought after Sherry in all Spain



—now available in England in limited quantities

YOU OWE YOURSELF THE PLEASURE OF

Garvey's FINO SAN PATRICIO

IMPORTED BY MATTHEW CLARK & SONS LTD.
110 CANNON ST, LONDON, E.C.4

"This is indeed a most welcome gift!"

OTARD

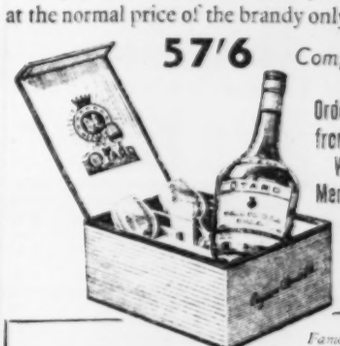
Liqueur Cognac

BRANDY

A Decanter of OTARD V.S.O.P. Liqueur Cognac Brandy with two brandy glasses in a presentation pack at the normal price of the brandy only

57'6 Complete

Order now from your Wine Merchant



Famous since 1795

OTARD is the only brandy bottled at the Chateau de Cognac
Also available—OTARD ★ ★ ★ Brandy

in the world like it to go with *pasta* and with all cheese-dishes. The wines from Piedmont (Barolo, Barbera) have an even more pronounced character, black rather than red. Further south in Italy, white wine predominates; and it rather sweet for our taste, though less cloying than a cheap Hock. Orvieto rivals Chianti in the charm of its bottle. Frascati is the perfect drink for a Roman summer and needs similar weather in this country. Lacrimæ Christi demands to be drunk by its name alone and from the fact that it is grown on the slopes of Vesuvius.

Yugoslavia takes its exports of wine seriously; and it is the only country besides Italy where it is worth knowing the varieties in detail. President Masaryk chose a Dalmatian wine from the bay of the Seven Castles near Split for his eightieth birthday; but this dry, light-brown wine has not reached this country. Our Yugoslav wine comes from the Slovene vineyards, formerly owned by Austrian and Hungarian aristocrats; and it echoes German wine down to the shape of the bottle. Like German wine, it is classified by the quality of the grape, not by the vineyard. Lutomer Sipon is light and dry, holding its own against Moselles five shillings dearer. It is said to owe its name to the exclamation of Crusaders that it was "si bon." Lutomer Traminer, though sweet, is redeemed by its incomparable odour of fresh grapes. Of red wines, Teran from Istria has a strange fascination, redolent of limestone, that is all its own. Other Yugoslav red wine, such as Pinot Noir, is gentle, but somewhat uninteresting.

The rest of Central Europe groans from the loss of the Slovene and Croat vineyards, and seeks to imitate them. Austrian wine is tolerable, when drunk fresh at a *Heuriger*. Its grander varieties, such as Gumpoldskirchner, are excessively sweet and lie heavy on the stomach. Hungary possesses the unique Tokay, a naturally sweet dessert wine, clearly designed to lull the suspicions of young girls. It can still be used for this purpose, but for no other. Switzerland deserves special mention from the fact that it has the only wine in Europe made by Protestants. Perhaps for this reason, Swiss wine is always reliable and uninteresting. Orthodox Christendom gives its wine a strong flavour of resin. This goes well with Greek food and certainly asserts its difference of character. Like everything Byzantine, it bewilders those of Western education; but again like other Byzantine things, the taste once acquired becomes exclusive.

Excluding Port and Sherry, every other country in the world is a colony as far as wine is concerned, imitating something or other. South Africa produces a Hock, sometimes agreeable but always erratic: Australia a startling drink called Burgundy. Russian wines from Crimea and the Caucasus imitate French wines, though pandering somewhat to the Russian taste for sweetness. Californian wine is an imitation of Spanish. Like Californian fruit and Hollywood girls, it looks better than it tastes. One of the few penalties of being President of the United States is being condemned to four years of Californian wine. Of all these colonial wines, that from Chile is the best, with the added advantage of cheapness. Chilean Steinwein is a sound German imitation as the name suggests. Chilean Cabernet, at 6s. 6d. a bottle, is a beautifully inoffensive red wine of character; and, at prevailing English prices, an excellent buy.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

TWO NEW BOOKS

An ABC of Wine Drinking. By BON VIVEUR. *Muller.* 5*s.*

"We would like to share some of what we have learned with those of you who have not enjoyed the opportunities with which chance has favoured us so generously." So the engaging couple who call themselves Bon Viveur introduce their admirable and unpretentious beginners' guide to wine. Their purpose is to strip the subject of cant and to collect in less than a hundred pages all the basic information necessary to guide the newcomer towards an intelligent and economical appreciation of wine. They succeed admirably: indeed I know of no other book on the subject which contains in so short a space so much useful information. A costly and extensive bibliography of wine exists, and, as the wine-lover progresses in experience, his library is apt to spread. The *ABC of Wine Drinking* is a good enough small beginning for anybody.

Through the Wine Glass. By H. WARNER ALLEN. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

In this elegant volume, the most popular of the professional troubadours of wine takes up his lyre to strike a sweet chord or two for the Christmas market. And very professionally he does it. For close on 250 pages, his urbane and somewhat synthetic chatter is sustained on a great variety of vinous subjects—literary and artistic, geographical and digestive—ranging from an anatomy of snoring to some eschatological reflections on the atom bomb, the undesirability of self-pity and the advantages of enjoying "adventures in Wine-Glass Country." I was much impressed by all these high thoughts; but, unregenerate, I prefer my wine talk a trifle drier.

JOHN FREEMAN

Before and After Dinner

CIVILISED drinking before meals depends on the attainment of a mean between extremes. To sit down to eat without an *apéritif* is to dine without zest, if alone, and without wit or comity if with friends. Yet the transatlantic practice of prefacing lunch or dinner with a bucketful of gin, tempered with a little vermouth, and then to swallow dishes tasted dimly through a mist of alcohol and washed down by accompanying *café au lait*, is disrespectful to the gods who provide good food and unkind to the cook.

As the prelude to fine cooking (I have no complaint against quickly gulped Dry Martinis or Daqiris as a "shot" for tired nerves) nothing can surpass in soothing stimulation a dry Sherry. Dry, but not too dry; there is no virtue in a wine which imitates a Bitters. This I learned, years ago, marooned by a shipping strike in Teneriffe, where the bodega I impatiently frequented had an alleyway flanked by twenty barrels, rich to ultra-dry. On Sherry, however, it is difficult and unrewarding to be economical. True, one can get a pleasant "dry sherry" from South Africa, which serves well as a workaday *apéritif*. But *Sherry*, at its finest and truest you must seek from Spain—and pay the price. Reports from Jerez indicate that the 1954 harvest is good.

For everyday use, by persons whose taste outdistances the indulgence of their banker, and for whom the pre-prandial glass of Champagne (as excellent in its effect as at 11 a.m.) is also out of normal reach, various cheaper yet acceptable alternatives exist. A glass of dry Tuscan white wine, well chilled; Dubonnet or *porto blanc* (both also iced); a mixture of Noilly Prat and *Cassis* with a lump of ice and soda—all these, according to your palate's inclination for sweetness, will serve well enough. Better still—if you happen to share my distaste for all the varieties, branded and home-made, of *anis*—France and Italy offer a number of clean-tasting Bitters which whet the appetite without clouding the wits. My own favourite is Amer Picon—to be drunk with a dash of (French) syrup of lemon, ice and soda.

What of that after-dinner moment which makes or mars an evening? With Port, since NEW STATESMAN readers are presumably free from aldermanic proclivities, we may dispense except for grand occasions. (Port, not vintage, but blended, tawny and old in barrel, is superb, with salted nuts, as a substitute for afternoon tea.) Coffee, strong as love and hot as hell, of course; and, with it, I prescribe a liqueur—the monkish masterpieces, perhaps, of Chartreuse and Benedictine; the Drambruie of my native country; or—my personal choice—some distillation of the grape. Brandy? The classic selection; in big, *ballon* glasses, please, warmed agreeably by cupping in the hands. But don't be "fancy" about it. Unless you can trust your wine merchant, and your banking account can stand considerable strain, beware of those "vintage years"—1904 and the remoter, still less veracious, past—and

CLASSIC (*with apologies to* DUBONNET *and* DEBUSSY)

Mon ami le mélomane écoute les
MY FRIEND THE MUSIC LOVER LISTENS TO
disques d'une oreille de
RECORDS WITH A
connoisseur. Son compositeur
CRITICAL EAR. HIS FAVOURITE COMPOSER
préféré est Debussy et quoique
IS DEBUSSY AND ALTHOUGH
ses amis critiquent souvent
HIS FRIENDS OFTEN CRITICISE
ses disques et quelquefois
HIS RECORDS AND SOMETIMES
l'enregistrement, tout le monde
THE RECORDING EVERYONE
trouve que la réproduction de son
AGREES THAT THE REPRODUCTION FROM HIS
appareil "Classique" est superbe.
CLASSIC EQUIPMENT IS SUPERB.
Il réussit Debussy de main de
IT HANDLES DEBUSSY LIKE AN OLD
maître, et le chien même en jouit.
MASTER AND EVEN THE DOG ENJOYS IT.

Classic Equipment is planned to suit the individual connoisseur. It can be used at any time, but particularly in the evening. It fills you with the joy of music. Can you wonder that more and more people are coming to Classic for good reproduction?
The price of the equipment can vary from £35 to £450.

CLASSIC Quality pleases the ear and has an agreeable effect on the liver.

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: CLASSIC ELECTRICAL CO. LTD
364 LOWER ADDISCOMBE ROAD CROYDON, SURREY

Maximum Storage— Minimum Space

Loftus Wine Bins provide maximum storage where space is limited. The bottles rest on wooden blocks which keep them apart, so eliminating breakages. Bins made to fit any space, to hold any number of bottles from ten to a thousand. Write for prices. Special quotations for large sizes or quantities.

W. R. LOFTUS LTD
42 Tottenham Ct. Rd. London, W.1 MUS 6235

By Appointment to the late King George VI
Wine Merchants

To promote Goodwill

BETWEEN FRIENDS

What could be more effective, and agreeable, than Harvey's "Case for Christmas Day" coming direct from the celebrated "Bristol Milk" cellars. So send this case with confidence, or send for the complete Gift List offering several alternatives, together with illustrated price brochure.

"The Case for Christmas Day" for **106/-**	1 bottle Merienda Sherry, pale, medium dry 1 bottle The Abbot Port, very light tawny, dry 1 bottle Médoc Claret 1 bottle Graves Supérieur 1 bottle Harvey's Pirrot Champagne 1 bottle Harvey's Hedgepick Sloe Gin

The charge includes carriage and packing, and any case will be delivered to any address in Great Britain in time for Christmas, if the order is received by December 14th.

"Bright to the Last Drop"

JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
Founded 1796

12 DENMARK ST., BRISTOL, 1. Bristol 27661
London Office: 40 KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1.
Trafalgar 4436

*Since 1794—***ONE** *name*

Deinhard & Co

KOBLENZ-ON-RHINE & MOSELLE

has stood for the very finest Rhine and Moselle wines

THE GOLDEN WINES of the Rhine and Moselle have famous names. Many of the greatest are coupled with another name, equally honoured by connoisseurs, that of the firm of Deinhard. Founded in 1794, this is still a family business, with a vintners' tradition going back further still. An engraving of Hanns Christof Deinhard (illustrated here) dates from about 1650. The name Deinhard on a bottle of Hock or Moselle, still or sparkling, is thus an assurance of admirable wine, matured and bottled with expert care.

FROM THE RHINE: Liebfraumilch "Rebengold," Liebfraumilch "Hanns Christof Wein," Oestricher Doosberg, Rüdesheimer Roseneck.

FROM THE MOSELLE: Graacher Münzlay, Berncasteler Estate Wine Green Label, Berncasteler Doktor—and many others.

Also sparkling Deinhard Cabinet Extra Dry, and Deinhard Sparkling Moselle.

An interesting account of Rhine and Moselle wines and vineyards, by a member of the firm, will gladly be sent on request to

DEINHARD & CO. (1940) LTD., 6, IDOL LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.

ROSA
A medium sherry for all occasions

TIO PEPE
The finest and driest of them all

One of these is **sure** *to please –*

GONZALEZ BYASS *Sherries of Distinction*

shun, if your purse be modest, that deceptive "old in bottle" colour; it is usually just vanilla essence. Seek out and buy an honest, never mind how pale, Cognac which bears a reputable shipper's name and has not been doctored to imitate what its price does not entitle it to possess.

Remember, too, a good Armagnac is as pleasing as a Cognac, and sometimes cheaper; or, if you can learn to love (as I do) a Brandy whose aroma includes the insidious scent of ghostly onions, a reasonably mature Marc de Bourgogne (or for that matter a Marc of Anjou) is a digestive beyond cavil. Men's drinks? Not at all. A woman who does not like them should never be taken permanently to bed by a true lover of the grape.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Bottle It Yourself

So we ordered a small barrel of wine; it seemed a good idea at the time. Besides, when Mme Marchal, the wife of our hard-working town clerk, had been sitting in our dining-room and chatting for a couple of hours, there seemed no other way of ending her visit, and so having an evening meal. Ever since Mme Marchal took on an agency for a firm of wine merchants her friends and acquaintances regard a visit from her with some trepidation. Not that she incites or even suggests that you might buy some wine. Her attitude is similar to that of the civil servant in *Clochemerle* who sold second-hand cars in office hours—nonchalant, disinterested, and distant. "One buys a cask of wine the day one least expects to," may well be her business slogan. You and she talk for a long time on the many and varied subjects having no connection whatever with vineyards or even bottles, until suddenly you find that it is you who have, so to speak, drawn the cork. "Ah yes, it was a magnificent summer in '49. Haven't had one like it since. Good year for wine, too."

"Particularly for Bordeaux. And there's not much of it left in cask. I could just be in time to get you the last of it, as you say you're interested. Cheap way of buying it, too. I've got one on my list here, a Côte de Fronsac; just over 7,000 francs for a small barrel. That gives you 75 bottles."

A hundred francs—2s. per bottle—for a vintage wine. . . . Amazing, considering that we pay nearly 2s. for a litre of vulgar *pinard* at the corner shop.

"You just bottle it yourself," murmured Mme Marchal, as though uttering aloud a facile advertisement headline.

About a month later the barrel arrived on a lorry, together with a bill for nearly a thousand francs for carriage and taxes. The barrel, when lain in the coalshed, had a tempting heady smell to it; but obviously it needed a week or two of repose before being tapped. I was puzzled to see that there was indeed a bung where the wine had gone in, yet no sign of another where it could come out. I began to pat the whitened top and bottom, to knock, to bang; but no differing sound denoting a bunged hole came to my straining ears. So I went to see René, who keeps the café-restaurant at the end of the avenue.

"Have you chipped off the plaster?" he asked. "That's thick plaster at both ends—so that no one can tap the barrel in transit."

I stood the barrel upright and attacked the plaster. For once, French logic coincided with my own. The second bung soon came to light under the plaster where the address label had been attached. I laid the barrel down again and left it to have another week or two of repose. Repose for the barrel. For me, meanwhile, there were 75 bottles to wash, clean, and drain.

René had been aghast at my intention to fill only the score of empty bottles which represented my carefully accumulated stock, and then to refill them later. "It's not like beer, you know," he said disdainfully. "Once it's tapped you must go on and empty it. There's plenty of empty Bordeaux bottles about—with 25 francs on each of them, of course."

There is no great problem in soaking and washing 75 bottles when you possess a large bath. But have you ever tried to drain a bottle completely? Stand it against a wall, and before long it slides gently to the floor; and the other dozen or so slowly follow suit, like little French children doing gymnastic exercises. You see the point of possessing one of those tall, spikey bottle-drainers that stand in the yard of every French hotel and café, adorned with inverted bottles and looking like a surrealist Christmas tree. However, the four washbasins in the house provided suitable substitutes, for a few bottles at a time. But there came a stage when we could neither wash our hands nor take a bath. I began to sense a certain hostility from the household. The *mise en bouteilles* became an imperative, major operation instead of a pleasant, spare-time occupation. The loss of a day's work seemed of minor consequence beside the necessity of getting the confounded bottles filled and the barrel emptied.

I transported the 75 clean, dry, glistening bottles to the shed. There remained only a wooden tap to be obtained, and the corking apparatus. And 75 new corks at twopence apiece. Mme Marchal had said, in her off-hand manner, that conical corks would do well enough and could be inserted with a little hand-machine. But, advised René, a good wine deserves a good cork. "And what does another halfpenny per cork matter?" What indeed? I had long ceased to count the cost; rather did it now seem a matter of cutting my losses.

René came and performed for me the delicate operation of drawing the bung and inserting the tap, slantwise. "And hold the bottle at even more of a slant," he said earnestly, "so that the wine flows gently and calmly down." He drilled a small hole in the top bung and plugged it with a splinter of wood. "Just pull it out when you start to draw the wine," he said. I took off my coat eagerly. "Not now though," he warned, pointing to the threatening sky. "Wait for a calm, clear day."

I covered up the 75 clean, empty bottles and glared at the barrel squatting smugly on its cradle of logs. My wife went and bought a bottle of wine, to help keep up morale.

The weather improved, and one morning, soon after breakfast, I took all the bottles back to the shed. The corks were soaking in a basin of tepid water, to make them supple; and René's foot-operating corking machine was standing by. With the gesture of someone inaugurating an important new by-pass I withdrew the splinter of wood from the top bung. The red wine began to flow, slowly, into the tilted bottle. Eventually, the first ten were waiting to be corked. *Comme on bouche son vin, on le boit.* The adage seemed far more to the point than the similar English one concerning beds. It is perhaps only at such moments that you realise the great difference between a new cork and one just drawn, a difference as immense as that between this morning's newspaper and yesterday's. The first bottle was corked and held up triumphantly. The event almost seemed to call for the bottle to be uncorked to celebrate with; but this, I realised, might develop into a vicious circle.

At six o'clock in the evening I tottered with cramped knees from the shed, now promoted to a *cave*. The bottles were full and the barrel was empty; there remained the job of sending it back to Bordeaux, at my expense. So next evening I went round to the Marchals' flat above the town hall. M. Marchal came up from his office and poured out a couple of Pernods. His wife, he said without astonishment, was still out visiting people. The cheapest way of returning empty casks was to collect those of several clients and send them in one consignment; the difficulty lay in persuading the several people to bring their empties to him at one and the same time. He was surprised that mine was ready so soon.

"I've got a small barrel," he said with his modest smile, "of Graves." We went down to the cellar to look at it, taking our Pernods; a pleasant ending to a busy day. "But how will you find time to bottle it?" I said, knowing how his days are always fully occupied. He raised one puzzled eyebrow. "I might amuse myself with it next Sunday afternoon. Take off the plaster? But there's no need to go to all that trouble. I'll just put a length of rubber piping in at the top."

"Like getting petrol out of Army vehicles?"

"Exactly. Only it's pleasant when you get a mouthful. No, I've no bottles. But any hotel will clean and give you empty cognac bottles. Pleased to get them out of the way—there's no deposit on them and they only clutter up the place. Of course, they're not the right shape, but what does that matter for use at home? Like the corks—I've bought this to drink, not to keep. You see, it's so cheap, when you just bottle it yourself."

LEN ORTZEN

Vintage books

ANDRÉ
SIMON
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING [12/6]
VINTAGEWISE [10/6]
A WINE PRIMER [6/-]

RAYMOND
POSTGATE
THE PLAIN MAN'S GUIDE TO WINE [8/6]

H.
WARNER ALLEN
A CONTEMPLATION OF WINE [12/6]
THROUGH THE WINE GLASS [15/-]

MAURICE
HEALY
STAY ME WITH FLAGONS [12/6]

For a special leaflet of Michael Joseph wine books, please write to 26 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1

MICHAEL JOSEPH

TRIPLE CROWN

a delightful full-bodied, velvety port, produced by GILBEY'S, the people who made port famous.

19/- *a bottle*

10/- *half flask*

OTHER POPULAR
GILBEY PORTS

	per bottle
WHITE PORT	19/-
INTERLUDE- *Special Reserve*	19/6
DIPLOMA	20/-
OLD J	22/-

Also in half-flasks.

YOU'LL BE GLAD
YOU GOT
GILBEY'S

MORILES FINO de MONTILLA

The most elegant Sherry in the World

In its native Spain, the absolutely dry Moriles Fino de Montilla is, of all wines, the most highly esteemed by connoisseurs.

A true Montilla, bottled at the Bodega, it is among sherries the equivalent of a chateau bottled Claret, yet costs no more than ordinary Sherry.

Unquestionably the perfect aperitif, it may also be drunk with delight throughout the simplest or the most elaborate meal.

From your own wine merchant or from the Sole Importer

JOHN DOBELL & BARTHOLOMEW LTD.
CHELTENHAM

The Savoy Cocktail Book

¶ The most famous Cocktail Book of them all. This is the second post-war edition and it contains the very latest recipes as well as all the old favourites. Nicolas Bentley drew the pictures. *10s.*

H. Warner Allen's Wine Books

Natural Red Wines
8s. 6d.

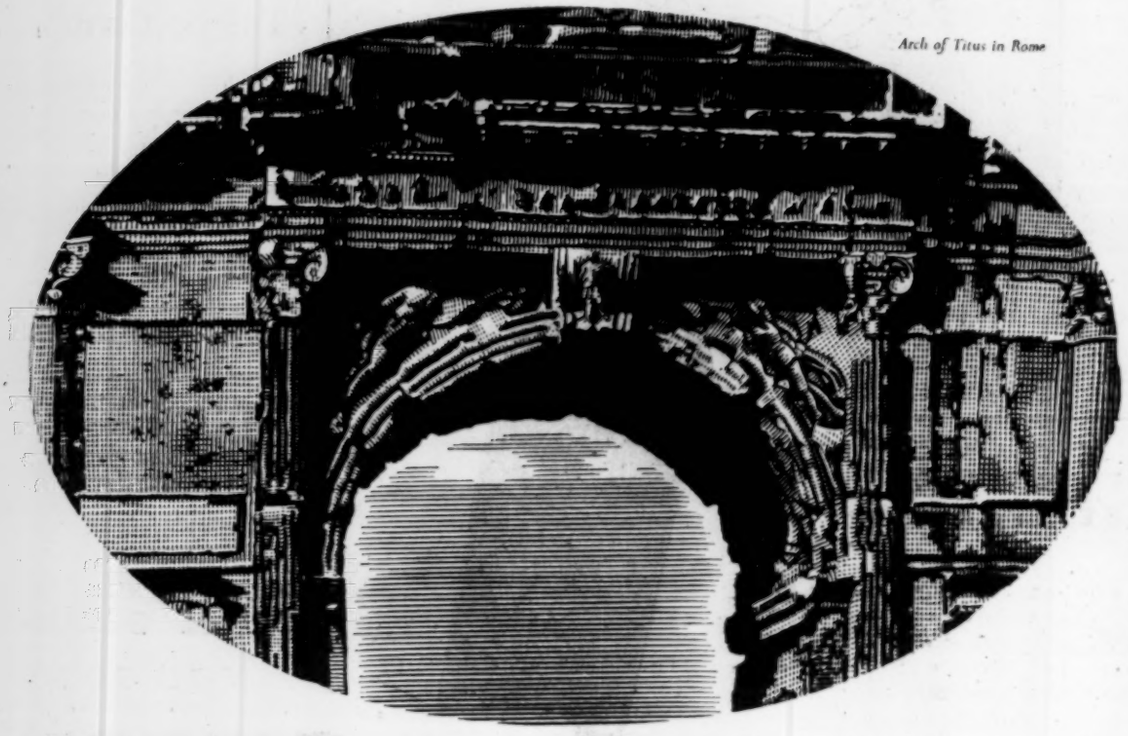
White Wines & Cognac
8s. 6d.

Sherry & Port
8s. 6d.

Constable

The mark of a good restaurant is an Irish Linen table-napkin

Issued by the Irish Linen Guild on behalf of the Linen Industry of Northern Ireland



Arch of Titus in Rome

All experience is an arch to build upon

HENRY ADAMS (1838-1918)

'Experience' begins with the first bump on the nursery floor. It is the conversion of 'living' into 'knowing'; the translation of hard knocks into hard facts.

There are two facets of experience: memory, and vision. It is a knowledge of the past, that enables us to take a view of the future; when we use it as an aid to success, we are the historian of our failures, and the prophet of our achievements.

In industry, technique is collective experience, of men, and machines. With its help, we can reach new levels of production and research, and solve new problems in the light of old. For a progressive industry, experience is more than an arch, or a foundation; it is the master-builder's tower, from which the shape of tomorrow can be seen.

Esso

Esso Petroleum Company, Limited

Books in General

WHEN a writer becomes official censor, he is unlikely to be remembered with flattery by his contemporaries, however tactful and liberal his nature. "Fat, phlegmatic and malicious" is one of the descriptions of Goncharov that has come down to us. "Prosaic" and "unimaginative" have been added. The creator of the patron saint of sloth and procrastination, whom he called Oblomov, was an overworked civil servant of merchant stock, imbued with the industry of the early westernising capitalists in Russia. He admired the effort towards progress and, in his work, was orderly and detail-loving. As a novelist he was a minute observer; in his politics he was aware that the landowners were corrupted by serfdom—*Oblomov** is an exposure of this—but he disliked the radicals and had kept away from the political enthusiasms of his time. Such was his balanced temperament, but one can be too well-balanced. In middle life Goncharov became very strange. He conceived a violent jealousy of Turgenev, accused him wildly of plagiarism. He went on to accuse Flaubert; morbid jealousy led inevitably to persecution mania, his creative life was paralysed and in his last twenty years he lived as a recluse. He was never married.

The universal characters of fiction are not partial observations of human nature; they are the minimal population of the world. Many recipes have been tried for creating them, notably the forcing of people into fundamental moral types or running through the list of the seven deadly sins, but there is small success in writing without the impetus of complicity. Oblomov is sloth, but sloth engaged by Goncharov's own guilt, his own murdered selves, his own tendency towards madness. He is a figure seen in a dream who allays, for a while, a personal unrest. All the Russian critics have pointed out—as Professor Lavrin says in his useful little book†—that Goncharov was a divided man. As a child of the rising merchant class who were introducing modern capitalism into Russia, he observed the feudalism of the land-owning class with both disapproval and nostalgia; and Professor Lavrin even suggests that one reason why he did not engage in the reformist enthusiasms of the Herzen circle at the University may have been that these were the speciality of the sons of the land-owning class. How can we know the buried jealousies of early childhood? At any rate Goncharov's heart had been formed by the sight and experience of the old patriarchal life, if his calculating head was formed by progressive ideas. There is an accident of personal life to be taken into account also: his father died when he was four and, like Oblomov himself, he longed for the rest and passive pleasure of lying in a mother's arms. There, in one form or other, the life of his heart and imagination was vested.

The theme appears in simplified and didactic fashion in Goncharov's first novel, *A Common Story*, translated in the Nineties by Constance Garnett and now, I fear, out of print. It is a Trollopian novel, simple but effective in mechanism, equable in manner and movement, smiling, ironical and pleasantly conventional. A young man leaves the provincial Arcady to make a career for himself in St. Petersburg. He arrives full of romantic idealism at the house of a discreetly worldly uncle who amuses himself by puncturing everything the boy believes in. His romanticism (the uncle explains) is silly, his poems are idiotic, his education useless as a preparation for the world of affairs. As for love, it does not last; friendship is precarious and is best confined to one's business friends; marriage cannot be based on love and, when successful, is a matter of congenial habits and to be managed by guile. There is no happiness without prudence. The uncle is one of those skilful small hedonists of the golden mean. First, an absurd, pretty love affair with a young coquette and then a groaning and glutting passion for a clinging, possessive and yearning widow, cure the young man of his illusions. Uncle is right. But uncle had not noticed that the cure of illusions means the death of the heart and the ossifying of the soul. We leave the nephew becoming exactly like uncle just at the moment when uncle, at the age of fifty, has suddenly realised that his own cautious philosophy has destroyed not only himself but the heart of his wife. Uncle has a chronic pain in the back—the respectable price for a life of prudence—and the nephew knows he too must be on the right course because he has had the twinges of the same malady. By their illnesses ye shall know them.

A Common Story is an amusing novel. Self-mutilated, no doubt, divided, a wry-faced spectator, Goncharov found himself with a neat and tender comic gift. The opening chapter describing the boy's departure is exquisite and touching; the next, which describes the uncle reading the boy's letters and throwing his sweetheart's present out of the window, is very funny. There is an excellent scene when the uncle reads the disobliging things his indignant nephew has written about him and calmly forces the boy to take down, at dictation speed, the other side of the story. Goncharov understood the tricks of comedy and especially that of repeating the same situation in different circumstances. The love scenes are aware of caprice and mood, pique, over-dramatic folly, small lies and satiety. But this is more than a novel about sense and sensibility, head and heart, city and Arcadia. It is a novel about loss. And here Goncharov is moving to Oblomov. Two years later he was to write the famous *Oblomov's Dream* as a separate story, which was eventually the core of the great book. The young man in *A Common Story* settles for the death of the heart and makes a marriage of convenience. Oblomov absents himself from such dilemmas: the key to happiness is day-dreaming, sleep, sloth, complete passivity. Anyone can swindle him, bully him, try to marry him; he lets them. He goes downhill into the motherly arms of his landlady who is in awe of him because he is a gentleman, absently begets a child on her, and is the most beatific neurotic in the world's novels.

The "great" or outsize characters in fiction, like Oblomov, are the revenges of the unconscious. Contemporary naturalists and psychological novelists despise them. There is something undemocratic and over-ruling about such privileged monsters. Yet they have advantages. They enable the novelist to explore obsession without belittling it. They catch a fundamental truth about ourselves: that we view ourselves poetically. They convey the universal feeling that the self is the whole world, and that the world can seem to be contained, imaginatively, by a dominant passion. Make a character large enough and this passion can be followed into innumerable recesses. The poetic must combine with the comic to make these figures complete, and where so much of psychological literature either effaces the individual human being or reduces him to a scale model, the large character, at any rate, conveys to us the incalculable vitality which keeps the most complex people going. As he expands, so we recognise the universal traits. The most active, positive, impassioned, well-organised and nervous reader, recognises in Oblomov his underwater self. The procrastinator's dream, the delicacies of reluctance, the poetic excuses that desire makes to itself, the fret of inherent melancholy, the puzzles of the understanding, the nick of anxiety that touches the saintly face of the sleeper, are all here. *Oblomov* is the picture of human passivity, the record of the continuous murmur of "No" to life, the expression of the talent for being forgiven and forgotten.

A strong didactic purpose in relation to the future of Russia has dominated Russian novelists, but *Oblomov* is a great novel partly because Goncharov forgives this prototype of the corrupted landowner and gracefully recognises that abdication is a way of living. As for Goncharov's method, it used to be said that he was a plodding, objective observer, accurate but flat in style. One has only to read the first page to see that this is a deeply subjective book, for Oblomov is drawn with that wondering, puzzled tenderness which he himself must often have felt when he looked at himself in the mirror.

> He was a man of about thirty-two or -three, of medium height and pleasant appearance, with dark grey eyes, but with a total absence of any definite idea, any concentration in his features. Thoughts promenaded freely all over his face, fluttered about his eyes, reposed on his half-parted lips, concealed themselves in the furrows of his brow, and then vanished completely—and it was at such moments that an expression of serene unconcern spread all over his face.

At the next line Goncharov moves Oblomov into the subjective condition of the "great" character:

> This unconcern passed from his face into the contours of his body and even into the folds of his dressing gown.

And then to its basic, psychological material on which the whole tragi-comedy will so richly feed:

> His movements, too, even when he was excited, were kept in check by a certain mildness and laziness which was not without its own touch of gracefulness. If his mind was troubled, his eyes were clouded over, lines appeared on his forehead, and he was plunged into doubt, sadness and fear; but his anxieties

* *Oblomov*. By IVAN GONCHAROV. Translated with an introduction by DAVID MAGARSHACK. *Penguin Books*. 3*s*. 6*d*.

† *Goncharov*. By JANKO LAVRIN. *Bowes & Bowes*. 6*s*.

seldom took the form of any definite idea and still more seldom was it transformed into a decision. All his anxiety resolved itself into apathy and drowsiness.

The comic incident in *Oblomov* depends a great deal on the acerbities of Oblomov's relations with Zahar, his whining and lying valet. Goncharov understood quarrels, how they begin with a triviality, go on to a grudge, and then develop an unreal, independent life of their own and end in absurd fantasy.

> "And you," Oblomov went on, not listening to him, "you should be ashamed to say such things! That's the snake I've warmed in my bosom."
>
> "Snake!" Zahar cried, clasping his hands and setting up such a howl that it sounded exactly as though two dozen bumble bees had flown into the room, and started buzzing. "When have I mentioned a snake?" he said amidst his sobs. "I never even dream of the cursed thing."

They have reached the sublimity of the human condition: the startled recognition that no one knows or can know what anyone else is talking about. This kind of comedy is followed by something in which the Russian novel has always excelled: the comedy of vegetative boredom, the absurdity of people just sitting about, gaping at the windows, nagging the day as it crawls by.

Stolz, the energetic foil to Oblomov, is not a success as a character. All Goncharov's industrious talent was drawn out by the delicacies of failure and not at all by the refrigerated food of success. If we like to speculate about what goes on in writers and their books we can say that *Oblomov* staved off the day of Goncharov's aberration; and that if he had not introduced Stolz, the model of activity, he would have been obliged to face the fact that Oblomov was really mad. There is, indeed, very dark talk of sex being the dreaded abyss in Oblomov's love scenes with Olga. But Goncharov put Stolz in, gave out his copybook lesson, drew back with kindly disclaimer from the threatening questions we are bound to ask—and went mad himself. No, this is not a novel about the corrupting influence of serfdom.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE BIRD WATCHER

"Hello" I shouted, and "Good morning,"
To my neighbour across three fields,
"How are our feathered friends keeping?"
He was a nature-lover, a great bird-watcher,
A tired man with celibate eyes;
"Fine" he shouted back "If only poets had wings
As once they had, we'd still get poems!"
Of more than bird-life, it seemed, he was the observer—
Even, perhaps, the impersonal recorder?—

Impersonal recorder!
He took little hand in human affairs, scarcely even in nature—
Though there's craft in trailing orioles with a camera,
And pride in becoming past master of photography!
But it was not so written in my lexicography
Where tusseling and tumbling's been the order
Both day and night and midnight. My neighbour,
Whether he knows it or not, and his eyes show it,
Seeks to grow his shadow in nature. I, to outgrow it.

EWART MILNE

BACK TO BURKE

The Conservative Mind. By RUSSELL KIRK. *Faber.* 30*s.*

The Heresy of Democracy. By LORD PERCY OF NEWCASTLE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

"If the Conservatives are unable to convince the public that they act according to some intelligible system of thought, and with decision, it is nearly certain that the electorate of every country will invite back the Liberals and the Radicals." This remark of Mr. Kirk's set me thinking. Even ten years ago, Conservatives rejected "systems" as dangerous, Leftist abstractions and were proud to rely on a sense of historical tradition in conducting affairs of State. Now, under the threat of the planned society—whether in its totalitarian or in its democratic form—they are being forced themselves to become systematisers. *The Conservative Mind* and *The Heresy of Democracy*, for example, are both attempts to construct a philosophy of Conservatism. Mr. Kirk evolves his theory by first summarising the views of the main British and American Conservative writers from Edmund Burke to George Santayana, and then boldly telling us in his concluding chapter what a modern Burke would have to say about our present discontents. Unlike Mr. Kirk, who is an American, academic Lord Percy has had some experience of practical politics; and for this reason, perhaps, he prudently avoids the application of his theory to current controversies. Tipped as a potential Prime Minister in the 1920s, Lord Percy, it will be remembered, revealed one fatal defect, a taste for serious ideas, and Stanley Baldwin maliciously appointed him Minister Without Portfolio for the express purpose of thinking out Government policy. This abruptly halted his political career. But it is pleasant to find that he is still at the job Mr. Baldwin gave him and has written a serious book half the length and twice as instructive as that of his American rival.

Lord Percy and Mr. Kirk both believe that Conservative theory must be based on the assumption that the French Revolution was the root of the totalitarian evil. Mr. Kirk bluntly states that "the work of the French Revolution must be undone," and Lord Percy means much the same thing when he describes the French sovereignty of the general will and the Russian dictatorship of the proletariat as two aspects of "the democratic heresy" and contrasts them both with the Anglo-Saxon practice of government by consent. Thus both our authors see the history of the last hundred years not as a progress of Western man towards material betterment and popular emancipation, but as the erosion of a stable Christian civilisation by a secular religion. What is wrong with modern man, in their view, is his worship of the nation, his worship of the popular will and his worship of the collectivist state.

Let us assume that this interpretation of history is the proper basis for a modern theory of Conservatism. What practical conclusions follow from it? In his long concluding chapter—improved in this new English edition of his book, he tells us, by the comments of 50 reviewers—Mr. Kirk gives us his answer. He admits that until very recently this kind of thinking has had little influence in his own country: indeed, his story is a plaintive tale of a great people obstinately achieving fantastic material progress and worshipping false democratic gods in defiance of its Conservative prophets. In the 1920s, according to Mr. Kirk, "Conservatism was extinct in the United States" and even now, when the Democrats have been ousted and "liberalism and radicalism are in full retreat", he sadly reckons that there are not a hundred American business men who can be rated as true Conservatives. The number, no doubt, might be larger if Mr. Kirk did not demand that the true Conservative should believe that the American way of life has been corrupted by a graduated income tax and more recently by compulsory military service and Marshall Aid. After this we are not surprised to find him lamenting the repudiation of Mr. Taft by the Republican Party and expressing the following judgment on our own Tories.

> The substitution of hideous expanses of communal housing, a beehive condition, is one more instance of the ominous tendency of modern society towards the social organisation of the insect world. Anyone who travels widely in Britain perceives that this is the most conspicuous outward alteration of British life; and its inward influence is even more powerful.

An American who regards our post-war council housing estate as sub-human compared with the private enterprise slums from which its inhabitants are drawn will find it a bit hard to persuade Mr. Macmillan that he is a modern Burke.

Lord Percy, of course, is not as silly as that. Arguing from exactly the same basic assumption as Mr. Kirk, he reaches conclusions a great deal less jejune. It is his belief that Western civilisation can only defend itself against totalitarianism by reasserting the dualism of ethics and politics, of Church and State, of Parliament and party, of community and nation, which Rousseau and Marx denied. There is a great deal of force in his attack on the total demand for loyalty which we find not only in the Communist and Fascist states but also in the Western democracies and in a great deal of Catholic apologetics. The only difficulty about making his arguments for dualism the hallmark of true Conservatism is that they have been employed at least as persuasively by Professor Tawney and Lord Lindsay of Birker when they assert that those who seek to conserve our present social order are really defending a managerial society at home and a White ascendancy abroad which reflect the worst features of the democratic heresy. Indeed, the true democratic Socialist regards the Welfare State, the planned economy and colonial emancipation as a means of restoring the moral dualism which Lord Percy rightly regards as the noblest ideal of Western civilisation. If he sincerely desires to return to that ideal, he will very soon find himself far to the Left, not only of the American Republicans and the British Conservatives but of the official Labour Party as well. In practical politics, there is nothing quite as revolutionary as the demand for a return to practical Christianity.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

DOGS AGAINST SCIENCE

Man Meets Dog. By KONRAD LORENZ. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

Many thousands of years ago some prehistoric genius, with a forehead higher and more arched than those of his less intelligent companions, initiated the domestication of the dog. Later occurred the crossing of wolves with domestic dogs of jackal extraction, and this we owe to the Nordic peoples. Nowadays, experienced dog-owners choose dogs like themselves. Mrs. Lorenz, for example, has had a series of Chow bitches, every one of them clean and orderly, whereas Dr. Lorenz's dogs all roll in filth and bring much dirt into the home. In Byelorussia village boys and dogs associate together in gangs, showing that the boys have a strong inherent affinity with nature. In Lower Austria, however, no such affinity is shown. The friendship of a Newfoundland for a small Lower Austrian boy was perhaps due to chivalry. However, only if a person is equally fond of cats and dogs does he show real love and understanding of animals. Dr. Lorenz believes that the cat is looked upon as false and "catty" because many similarly graceful women deserve these epithets. Cats are in fact not deceitful. But dogs are—a sign of their greater intelligence. The facial expressions of a jackal dog are, however, on a higher mental plane than those of a wolf or Chow.

In this book Dr. Lorenz is mainly concerned with the psychology of tame dogs and their masters. The most specific point on which he parts company from his fellow biologists is on the genetics of dog behaviour. He insists that the two supposed origins of the domestic dog, the jackal and the wolf, are reflected in two distinct types of behaviour today. He attributes the independent behaviour of dogs such as Chows to their wolf "blood" (meaning "ancestry"), while

Laureate of Peace

G. WILSON KNIGHT

On the Genius of Alexander Pope by the author of *Lord Byron, Christian Virtues*, containing an original interpretation of *The Temple of Fame* and a discussion of the relation of Pope's thought to that of our own time. *21s. net*

Poems of Ben Jonson

Edited by GEORGE B. JOHNSTON

Containing three collections of Jonson's poems from the Folios and a selection of lyrics from his masques and plays. It presents in compact form a view of the poet as distinct from Jonson the dramatist. *Muses Library, 18s. net*

C. G. Jung

ANSWER TO JOB is Jung's contribution to the religious quandary of contemporary reflective men and women: how can a good God countenance the appalling evil in the world today? A stirring, provocative and revolutionary document. *12s. 6d. net*

CHILDREN'S BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

The British Seashore

H. G. VEVERS describes and explains the animals and plants to be found along our coasts. *8 pages of plates, drawings by the author.* 10s. 6d. *net*

Horsemanship

JEAN SLAUGHTER. The basic rules of Riding, Jumping and Schooling for young riders. *Many action photos.* *15s. net*

Charles Arriving

M. PARDOE. A thriller for children between 14 and 17 by the author of the well-known Bunkle stories. *Illustrated by Leslie Atkinson.* 9s. 6d. *net*

Routledge & Kegan Paul

Hutchinson's

Just Out:

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE TODAY

Its Characteristics and Tendencies

L. C. Harmer

Shows the French as a " nation of grammarians "; discusses the clarity of the language and the predilection of modern French for brevity in both syntax and vocabulary; attempts to disprove that French is a logical language; and, in the last and longest portion, the book deals with the literary language of today. 10s. 6d. *net*

EMERGENT COMMONWEALTH

The British Colonies

W. E. Simnett

Gives a brief description of the Colonial Empire, its origin, its assets both human and material, and the present conditions and systems of government. This leads up to an appreciation of the lines on which its development, economic, social and political, has been attempted in the past, and is likely to proceed under the new conditions of today.

A new, completely revised, edition of Sir Ivor Jenning's THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS will be ready later this year.

Published Recently:

NATIONAL INCOME AND SOCIAL ACCOUNTING

Harold C. Edey and Alan T. Peacock

Analyses the basic concepts of social accounting, discusses its application to problems of international and inter-temporal comparisons of living standards and to economic forecasting and, in the final section, discusses the relation between individual and national income accounts, explaining how they are related to changes in the assets structure of the economy.

PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHY

B. K. Johnson

Contains information for the amateur photographer which will enable him to use his camera better. The correct understanding of the basic scientific principles of photography being essential to this end, an attempt has been made to bring these principles together in concise form. *Clearly illustrated*

JOHN BUNYAN

Roger Sharrock

A literary study of Bunyan giving sympathetic attention to the religious experience and beliefs which inform his work and one which incorporates the findings of modern scholarship. The major works are given detailed discussion.

THE AGE OF ABSOLUTISM 1660-1815

Max Beloff

Gives coherence to a vital period in modern history by studying the ramifications of political absolutism in theory and practice; and—in the chapter on the Revolutionary and Napoleonic régimes in France—the book gives a glimpse of that alliance between democracy and absolutism which has proved to be one of the decisive factors of our own times.

All, except the first, 8s. 6d. net.

University Library

in most breeds—of hyena type—the adult dog remains closely attached to his master. Yet the differences he describes could quite well be the result of recent selection, as are the structural features of different breeds; and, indeed, they are likely to be, since, as Dr. Lorenz himself says, the different types of dog have long been interbred. Dr. Lorenz shows that he is aware of his colleagues' disagreement on this and other points, but he declines to pander to expert opinion or to be shaken from his own views.

Does it matter that Dr. Lorenz should publish fallacies and absurdities about our pets? I think it does. He has the rare qualification of being at once widely known, a skilful and entertaining populariser and a scientist greatly esteemed for his original researches. His authority imposes a corresponding responsibility on him, and justifies a stringent critical scrutiny of his writings. He is a leading figure in a school of zoologists who have inspired a great revival of interest in the problems of instinctive behaviour. Animal-lovers, to whom *Man Meets Dog* is addressed, should note that the attitude adopted by this school can confer great benefits on our animals. As Dr. H. Hediger has shown, much cruelty to caged and domestic animals can be avoided by objective study of their needs, and by avoiding facile and conventional comparisons with man. Yet it is just such anthropomorphisms which fill the pages of Dr. Lorenz's book.

More important, the "objectivistic" ethology of the zoologist is part of a general movement towards the study of both normal and abnormal behaviour, especially that of man, without unjustified moralistic or ontological preconceptions. This promises to lead to a psychology which is at once scientific and humane. On all this Lorenz turns his back, to produce a book which will undoubtedly have a large number of unsuspecting readers, even though it lacks the sparkle of his previous popular work. Yet none of the great scientific popularisers, from T. H. Huxley onwards, has found it necessary to resort to methods so insulting to their public. That Dr. Lorenz could indeed have given us an admirably light yet instructive volume on dog (and cat) lore is shown in some brief passages. In one chapter he gives simple and useful advice on training dogs; in another, he forcefully criticises professional dog-breeders for producing prize animals with exaggerated, stereotyped external features, at the expense of behavioural characters of far greater importance to the dog-owner.

As it is even those passages which contain observations of real interest and originality are so obscured by sentimentalism and irrational phraseology, that it is hardly possible to accept them at their face value. It is sad that so gifted an author should have produced so unworthy a book.

ANTHONY BARNETT

ERNEST NEWMAN
More Opera Nights

This famous critic discusses 17 operas in detail. The plates are contemporary with first performances. *42s.*

LORD KINROSS
The Century of the Common Peer

A hilarious appreciation of the Modern Englishman, Peer and Plebian, with the added delight of Peter Kneebone's drawings. *9s. 6d.*

SIR HARRY LUKE
The Tenth Muse

An elegant book for gourmet and bookman, containing the culinary wit and experience of a lifetime of world travel. *25s.*

PUTNAM

CHINESE GORDON

General Gordon. By LORD ELTON. *Collins.* 25*s.*

His Country was the World. By CHARLES BEATTY. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

How depressing it would be for a doctor to pass his life without seeing more than a dozen patients; for a lawyer to be employed on three cases during his entire career; or for a business man to conclude, in thirty years, only three contracts! But such a situation is, for the soldier, quite normal. Once, perhaps twice, in his life, he is called upon to exercise his professional skill. The rest of the time he fills in as best he can; and if the time is long and his nature is passionate and solitary, the results may be peculiar.

Charles Gordon was as brilliant a soldier as this country has ever bred. In that fifth element of confusion and danger in which battles are fought he moved as fast and as surely as a fish in water. He had a genius for instant decision and rapid action; his personal magnetism inspired whoever came under his command—Chinese, British, Egyptian, Sudanese—with terrified adoration. His Chinese colleague in the Taiping campaign admitted, with a Mandarin reserve worthy of *The Times*, that he admired the military qualities of Gordon "nearly as much as the superb scholarship of Tseng-kwo-fan." In another age or another country he might have been one of the Great Captains, but Victorian England was in the happy position of not needing his services. He was sent to map the Russian-Turkish border, to build forts at Gravesend, to sit on the Danubian Commission and to command the garrison in Mauritius. Only in the service of improbable foreign potentates—the Emperor of China, the Khedive of Egypt, the King of the Belgians—could he find scope for his genius; and those wanderings, with the solitude they entailed, developed to the full the peculiarities of an already eccentric temperament. When, therefore, the British Government was at last able to find for Gordon a task worthy of his powers, he had lost such balance and judgment as might have enabled him as a younger man to carry it out successfully. "He has," admitted Lord Granville, in suggesting his appointment to the Sudan, "a small bee in his bonnet." Sir Evelyn Baring, his harassed superior in Cairo, expressed himself with less restraint. "A man who habitually consults the prophet Isaiah when he is in difficulty," he wrote, "is not likely to obey the order of any man."

Such a personality is bound to attract more than his fair share of biographers, and the best tribute one can pay to the works of Lord Elton and Mr. Beatty is that there is room for them both on a list already intimidatingly long. Lytton Strachey was, of course, naughty: the legend of Gordon's tippling was firmly disposed of by Dr. Allen twenty years ago, and it is surprising to find this dead horse being so laboriously flogged by Lord Elton; but Strachey's service was to make clear how curiously Gordon's character was compounded, in what violent contradictions lay the roots of Victorian eminence. Beside the titanic storms which rent those unhappy spirits, our own neuroses are ripples in a sheltered and stagnant pond. Gordon himself wrote "Talk of two natures in one—I have a hundred, and they all want to rule." His vivacious manner would not have been out of place in the Drones' Club: "Now, old birds," he told the assembled dignitaries of the Sudan, "it's time for you to go." Yet his misanthropy made him hide in the cellar when callers came, and resist all attempts to lure him into society with the illest of graces. At one dinner party he did attend, on the eve of his departure for India as Secretary to the Viceroy—an appointment he resigned within a week of his arrival—he insisted on eating all the courses off one plate. "We shall have to rough it out in India," he confided to his neighbour, "so I may as well begin now." Only among boys did he feel at home, but his paederasty (to use the word in its most literal and innocent sense) assumed ludicrous and embarrassing proportions. The mystical religion which dominated his life brought him very close to the Unseen; but the very perfection of his spiritual discipline made him ever less fitted for the imperfections of world affairs. "When oil mixes with water," he wrote of Baring, "we will mix together"; and Baring stood for the whole official world, its weary wisdom, its mundane shifts and compromises, with which he had to deal.

Both authors have made the most of their glorious opportunities. Lord Elton's work is the more straightforward, remaining close to the documentary evidence and judiciously adumbrating the controversial points; but his approach is sometimes almost that of a *pièce justificatif*. He skates lightly over the embarrassments which Gordon caused to his superiors and his colleagues; castigates the Army for considering him to be an "irresponsible eccentric" rather than a genius; and devotes much space and ingenuity to showing that Gordon's words and actions during his final expedition were in full accordance with his instructions. It is doubtful whether such an interpretation is really more tenable than was Lytton Strachey's lighthearted suggestion that the whole thing was an Imperialist Plot hatched by Lord Hartington and Lord Wolseley. Mr. Beatty's study is less detailed; it is spoilt in places by a style almost impenetrably lush; but it is reflective, detached, and its judgments are illuminated by a sympathetic understanding of the nature of contemplative mysticism. His final verdict is harsh: under Gordon's apparent humility and other-worldliness he detects a Satanic, a grandiloquent pride. But that is the besetting sin, if not the occupational disease of saints; and perhaps Gordon would have appreciated Mr. Beatty's criticisms better than all Lord Elton's sober justifications.

MICHAEL HOWARD

HAUTE COUTURE

Always in Vogue. By EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE and ILKA CHASE. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

The Age of Worth. By EDITH SAUNDERS. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

There are some dictatorships, it seems, that do no harm, and even add to the pleasure and gaiety of nations. I am sure Monsieur Dior's despotism is benevolent; he is king of a world so artificial, capricious and distracting that, to those outside, its very pains and revolutions have an air of fantasy. Yet it *is* real: a huge economic structure underlies the bedlam surface, and the decisions of the dictators leave an undeniable mark, not only on modes but on manners.

One of the most powerful dictators of our time, one who has always operated more or less unseen, a power behind the throne of *haute couture*, is Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, editor-in-chief for many years of American, French and British *Vogue*, the trio of fashion magazines whose supremacy has never, in nearly half a century, been seriously challenged. Hers is a remarkable achievement, built out of iron determination, drive, ambition, and an almost mystical reverence for her job. Without that reverence, without the

Remind yourself

to buy

December

House & Garden

House & Garden is for you who are house-proud and garden-minded—the leading magazine in the fields of decoration, furniture, architecture, household and gardening equipment, gardens, food and drink.

In the December issue you will find Christmas presents for all ages, at prices from 3/- to £30; plans for parties; toys; household linen; liqueurs; new indoor plants. On sale now — buy it today.

3/- every month from all newsagents and bookstalls. A year's subscription makes an excellent present for yourself and your friends. Send £2.0.0 for 12 issues (post paid) to: Condé Nast Publications, 37 Golden Square, London, W.1.

House & Garden

GIVE

Prints

The Phoenix Gallery has a very wide range of colour reproductions, framed and unframed, of paintings of all schools—including London's largest selection of Impressionists. New realistic finishing treatment if desired. *Write for catalogue (N.1) or call*

The PHOENIX GALLERY (Prints)

38 William IV Street, London, W.C.2
TEMple Bar 0525

Announcing

THE NEW DORNFORD YATES novel

NE'ER-DO-WELL

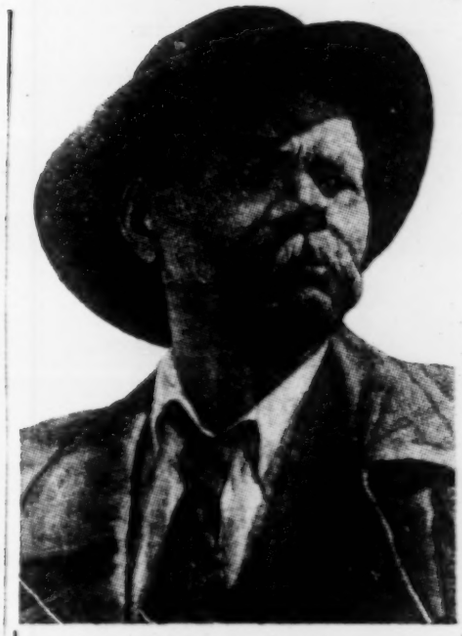
This new Dornford Yates novel features an old favourite—Inspector Falcon (now Superintendent) of the C.I.D. The tale is told in an unusual way; —each evening, for just ten days before he makes his arrest, Supt. Falcon relates the developments of the case, the impressions he has formed and the action he has taken, to Richard Chandos, who is the narrator of the story.

Just Published

FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS

12/6

WARD LOCK



MAXIM GORKY

The famous autobiographical trilogy, now available in three volumes, uniform in size and binding

CHILDHOOD
Price 4/6 *Post 6d.*

MY APPRENTICESHIP
Price 6/- *Post 9d.*

MY UNIVERSITIES
Price 3/6 *Post 6d.*

The set for 15/- post free

★

Uniform with the above

MOTHER
Price 7/6 *Post 9d.*

THE ARTAMONOVS
Price 5/6 *Post 9d.*

★

Collected in one volume

SELECTED WORKS

Volume Two

CHILDHOOD, MOTHER, and THE ARTAMONOVS
Price 12/6 *Post 1/3*

ARTICLES AND PAMPHLETS
Price 6/- *Post 6d.*

From all booksellers

COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS

44 & 45 Museum Street, W.C.1.

The Book Society's Choice for October

ERIC
LINKLATER
The Faithful Ally

'It is all light, amusing, shrewd, clever and quick in Mr. Linklater's best ironical manner'.
V. S. Pritchett in **The Bookman.** 10s. 6d.

RING
LARDNER, JR.
The Ecstasy of Owen Muir

The dilemma of a young man who tries to reconcile Roman Catholic dogma with the realities of mid-century America.

'The wit is constant . . . remarkable for its sardonic intelligence'.
SUNDAY TIMES. 12s. 6d.

Book Society Recommendation

SALVADOR
DE MADARIAGA
A Bunch of Errors

An excitingly ingenious psychological thriller. 'Highly entertaining, ironic, witty and penetrating. OBSERVER. 11s. 6d.

JAMES
CHUTTER
Captivity Captive

The long-term effects of the prison camp on men of different races, ranks and types.

'An unusual and likeable book.'
TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. 13s. 6d.

Reprinted before publication

T. H.
WHITE
The Book of Beasts

A twelfth century Latin prose Bestiary translated.

'. . . admirable . . combining scholarship, literary grace and a ready wit, surprisingly readable'. TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. *Illustrated.* 32s. 6d.

The Book Society's Non-Fiction Choice

All prices are net

JONATHAN CAPE

utterly serious and dedicated attitude to fashion, not even her great ability could have constructed such an empire.

In reading her biography of *Vogue* I have perhaps been saved from too much reverence by my recollections of Anne Scott-James's *In the Mink*, a far from pious semi-fictional account of life behind the covers of the great "glossies." I have kept it in mind as an antidote as I read, for Mrs. Chase's seriousness is hypnotic, and it seemed desirable to resist the impression that the building-up of *Vogue* was on a par with the pyramids.

Mrs. Chase was very young—perhaps nineteen, she is not precise about this—when she first got a job on *Vogue*, addressing envelopes. The magazine was then three years old, a mixture of fashion, fiction, social chat and etiquette. She was the daughter of a Quaker family and had been brought up in the country—not at all the type one would expect to make good in so sophisticated a milieu. But she had natural taste, tenacity, and that combination of shrewdness and integrity which is one of the Quaker virtues. Also she very soon came to believe that *Vogue* had a mission, to "direct and develop the taste and manners of its readers," and this conviction carried her rapidly to the top of the tree, and held her there, unshakable and authoritative as a rock, through all *Vogue's* storms and changes.

In that precarious position she has influenced taste and kept her head for close on sixty years—no mean feat, for the world of fashion is frenetic and enclosed, full of jealousy, talent, temperament and hysteria. Mrs. Chase's Quaker forbears have stood her in good stead. She possesses that prime quality essential to dictators—she knows she is right; and when the fashion world or her confrères disagree with her (as over her condemnation of peep-toe shoes for street wear, or her desire to publish a comic sketch about the Abdication) she records the fact with genuine surprise and a large-minded absence of malice. One half of her is passionately concerned with taste; the other half as shrewdly driven by her early discovery that the fashion world is a bottomless source not only of bread and butter, but also, as she puts it, of ice-cream and cake, for those with the wit to use it.

There is almost too much, for the general reader, of this side of the story; advertising and mergers, battles of policy and struggles for office power have occupied her attention for so long that one sees her sometimes less as a sybil of taste than as a Napoleon deploying an army. This aspect is a little dull to the outsider, who never knew Condé Nast or Frank Crowninshield or any of the great tycoons of this specialised branch of publishing; and Mrs. Chase's description of herself as a woman without humour makes one wonder whether the more amusing passages may not be the contribution of her daughter, Ilka Chase, who has helped her to write the book. This is no doubt a quite unfair assumption; there is good evidence that the stroke is her own in describing Elsie de Wolfe (Lady Mendl) as "drawing herself up to her limited height, every violet curl quivering," and there is a sympathy very near to wit in her recollection of Patou's sudden revulsion against the knee-length skirts of the mid-Twenties, of which he had been such a successful exponent. "Suddenly desperate" (after gazing at the chemise-like dresses and exposed knees of a group of mannequins) "he turned to his able lieutenant, Georges Bernard . . . and cried out 'My God, my old, I can no more,' and, rushing to his workroom, started feverishly designing frocks that swept the ground and waists that embraced the middle."

In the days of the great Worth, the world of fashion was no doubt frenzied enough, but the pace was less killing, for *Vogue* did not exist and the world was smaller. The great couturier, who started work as an apprentice at Swan and Edgar's and rose rapidly to a position of complete dominance as the king of Paris *haute couture* and the Empress Eugénie's dressmaker, dealt only with the rich and great. His genius was not beset by problems of export and advertising. His spectacular career (the French have never quite forgiven him for being an Englishman) is so closely bound up with the tragi-comic-opera story of the Second Empire that his biographer has wisely made no attempt to separate the two, but has related them as one, to the great enrichment of her material. The result is indeed a most attractive book, informative, careful and immensely readable.

Charles Frederick Worth's career is the perfect Victorian success story, rising from poverty to riches, obscurity to world-wide fame, supported by a happy marriage and religious principles. At the height of his power as the greatest fashion dictator that even Paris has known, he began each day with a reading from the Bible, and saw no disparity between the Christian ethic and the demented extravagance of the great ladies whom he toiled to serve. So great was his authority that he could lie on his sofa, nursing a neuralgia, while his exalted clients anxiously revolved before him, not daring to appear at a court ball in his creations without the master's approval, meekly awaiting criticism as he cried "Frightful! . . Ridiculous . . . *Epouvantable!*" in turn, and ordered his assitants to make drastic alterations. This surely is the very pinnacle of dictatorship, from which, today, not even Monsieur Dior dare address an American buyer.

MARGARET LANE

NEW NOVELS

Atlantis. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles. By NIGEL BALCHIN. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lord Love Us. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Living Water. By ALEXEI KOZHEVNIKOV. *Russia Today Book Club.* 3*s.*

This is quite a fruity collection, but its differences of tempo have made me slightly dizzy. *Atlantis* in particular has a pulse-beat so deeply incompatible with the pace of reviewing that this despicable person, scurrying mouse-like through its 480 spacious pages, was found wondering what *would* be the proper occasion to read it. A sea-voyage? a nice long illness? or perhaps a vigorous old age? Old age would probably be the best, for that is its subject. It is the story of the aged Odysseus sailing from Ithaca for Atlantis and finally reaching the New World. This story is interwoven with that of a war between Titans and Gods, so that we deal with Fates and Harpies along with flies, moths, pillars, cows and Dryads. It is a rich and singular tapestry, which succeeds in drawing the reader into its harsh, ancient, grotesque and god-haunted world.

The style makes its effect by endless detail:

> . . . an uncultivated tract of wild country. . . . This particular expanse of ground was unploughed and unsown, nor was it planted with fruit-bearing trees or with nut-bearing trees or with any grain or any flowers.

The strange background is endlessly enriched with Pre-Raphaelite detail. And then from time to time comes the swoop of the falcon:

> "The marrow of my bones howls and growls for the random odds of the old great Circus."

So Odysseus broods. My own impression is that this moving portrait of an old man rousing himself strongly for his last journey is the centre of the story; the only universal theme that gives sense to its fantasies. But mouse-like I have probably missed the point. I haven't read Mr. Powys's other books, and am also hampered by a preconceived notion that if you are going to be archaic and meticulous you might as well spell the Greek names right and know a pediment from a pedestal. Yet *Atlantis* is certainly a remarkable book.

From molto molto adagio to the allegro of common life. Not having read the last two Balchins I got a shock here. No more contagious anguish; no more button-holing and involvement. In these short stories the reader is protected from sharing the emotions of the characters by two thicknesses of plate-glass—the uncle who

NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE

The Simplest Christmas Gift

We send, in your name, a year's NBL subscription with a Hans Andersen Greeting Card.

Write: 7 ALBEMARLE ST., W.1. *enclosing 30s. if the recipient lives in London, 15s. if 30 miles or more away. Phone HYDe Park 9001.*

GEORGE ORWELL
John Atkins
An important critical study of the fascinating author of Animal Farm and 1984. 18s. 0d.

OPERA ANNUAL 1954-1955
Edited by Harold Rosenthal
Introduction by the Earl of Harewood
An exciting new book for all opera lovers, covering the year's opera seasons, with special articles on Television Opera and Gramophone Records, and containing valuable appendices on opera and opera personalities which every follower of music will want to have. 49 pages of photographs. 21s. 0d.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE
Anton Chekhov
Twenty-three newly translated short stories by the greatest Russian master of the art. 11s. 6d.

THE DEVIL AND FAMILY HAPPINESS
Leo Tolstoy
"A most wonderful and poetic book."—Cyril Connolly in *Sunday Times*. 11s. 6d.

THE SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS
"An astonishing book. . . . Masterly satiric realism."—*Time and Tide*. 15s. 0d.

JOHN CALDER
2, Wilton Terrace, London, S.W.1.

TO BE PUBLISHED LATE NOVEMBER

I SANK THE ROYAL OAK

by GÜNTHER PRIEN

This autobiography by Hitler's Ace U-Boat Commander, written whilst his submarine was being re-fitted, teems with incident and high courage from his early sailing days on a wind-jammer, to his progress through a labour camp to a sea captain, and finally to U-Boat Commander. Of this ruthless, arrogant and courageous Nazi's sinking of the *Royal Oak* at Scapa Flow, Sir Winston Churchill said that it was "a remarkable exploit of professional skill and daring."

Demy 8vo 15/- net 24 *Photographs*

750,000 copies sold in Germany

THE GRAYS INN PRESS
42 GRAYS INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

The London Magazine

The December issue, now on sale, includes:

Graham Greene *A FEW PIPES*

Anna Kavan *HAPPY NAME*

Vernon Watkins *A TRUE PICTURE RESTORED*

J. M. Cocking *PROUST AND COMBRAY*

Michael Swan *LETTER FROM FLORENCE*

Geoffrey Skelton *A WALK IN THE SNOW*

Rex Warner *on EDWIN MUIR*

2s 6d

COLLET'S

Automatic factories—atomic energy for peace

Read of these developments in this new booklet

SOVIET SCIENCE AND TECHNIQUE
in the Service of Building Socialism in the U.S.S.R.

Price 1s. 6d. Post 4d.

★

Just in !—two pamphlets by
V. I. LENIN

IMPERIALISM AND THE SPLIT IN SOCIALISM
Price 2d. Post 2d.

A LETTER TO THE WORKERS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA
Price 2d. Post 2d.

From all booksellers and
COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS
44 & 45 Museum Street, London, W.C.1

Theory of Knowledge
Maurice Cornforth
The third volume in the series Dialectical Materialism, *dealing with the relation of mind and matter, the development of ideologies and the theory of relative and absolute truth.*
10s 6d

This Housing Question
Alec Johnson
This book was prepared with the co-operation of a number of experts—architects, builders, local government officers. It tackles one of the biggest questions of our day.
Cheap edition 5s. Library edition 8s 6d

★

A Gun is Unloaded
Andre Stil
The second part of the famous trilogy of French working-class life. The first part, The Water Tower, *is available and the final volume,* Paris Is With Us, *will be published in* 1955.
10s 6d

LAWRENCE & WISHART

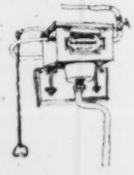
"The outstanding figure of the new West Indian movement"
MAURICE RICHARDSON *(New Statesman)*

GEORGE
LAMMING
THE EMIGRANTS
"Mr. Lamming has brilliantly depicted the restlessness, the doubts and the aspirations of emigrants . . . it is not often that one can recommend a book wholeheartedly" ELIZABETH JENNINGS *(Spectator)* 15/-

DORIS
LESSING
A PROPER MARRIAGE
"Extraordinarily well done, because it is completely true to life" ARTHUR CALDER MARSHALL (B.B.C.). "Nothing is overwritten in this penetrating analysis of the breakdown of a marriage" JOHN DAVENPORT *(Observer)* 12/6

H. E.
BATES
THE FEAST OF JULY
"One cannot but think of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* . . . nobly written, with all the country-loving intimacy of detail of which Mr. Bates is acknowledged master" ELIZABETH BOWEN *(Tatler)*. "A lyrical intensity that few contemporary novelists can match" THE TIMES LIT. SUPP. 10/6

JOHN
PUDNEY
THE SMALLEST ROOM



This discreet survey through the ages – ranging from Sir John Harington, pioneer of the smallest room, to Dylan Thomas – draws wittily on history, legend and anecdote. Illustrated by David Knight. 10/6

ALICE B. TOKLAS
COOK BOOK
Ambitious yet essentially practical, this book of delicious recipes and delightful reminiscence by the close friend of Gertrude Stein derives from a long acquaintance with French life and cuisine. Illustrated by Sir Francis Rose. 21/-

NEW POEMS
1954
"The high level of accomplishment throughout is the more remarkable because most of the writers have not yet had a volume of their verse published; the editors must be congratulated" RAYMOND MORTIMER *(Sunday Times)* 10/6

MICHAEL JOSEPH

narrates them, a professional looker-after-number-one ("I never give advice"), and the nephew who is his audience, but who claims to find him a thorough bore. By this praiseworthy if rather cumbrous arrangement the stories are set at a certain distance, small jewels brought together in a rich setting of wordly wisdom. They compose a most professional job, rather like early Maugham but with a more exuberant style:

> Even at twenty she was showing signs of worrying about other people and wanting to make them happy; and there is no more deadly thing in creation than a one-woman Salvation Army. . . . There was nothing for it but to sit back and watch what Josephine's kind heart would do to unsuspecting fellow-creatures.

Like Maugham too, this Balchin is most successful when he deals with a rather bizarre subject—the virtuous bank-manager who steals £20,000 on principle; the black baby who becomes a village mascot; or with something that moves him strongly. The only story where this seems to happen in this volume is also, I think, the only really first-rate one it contains—it is called *The Bars of the Cage* and describes the tyranny of domestic habit. For it is no use being urbane and controlled about nothing in particular. One simply loses the reader's attention, and this I think does happen in a few of these stories, for instance *Mrs. Sludge* and *The County Wench*. The two narrators, have, of course, a further muting effect. Mr. Balchin is perhaps being a fraction *too* careful of our feelings. Still it is an extremely rich and entertaining book.

Mr. Sansom seizes the baton and we proceed prestissimo. This little book is a set of eight sketches which he calls Ballads, nostalgic and funny in varying proportions—a fishmonger's courtship conducted in fish but ending in death; a park-keeper's account of the things in his park which sent him underground to work in the Gents' for safety; a glorification of table-laying and another of lorry-drivers' caffs. It is all very simple and everyday (almost at times a fraction Ealing Studios) but also exceedingly poetic. For it is written in a tripping, rapid prose that hops from image to image and often flies off into long stretches of blank verse and even rhyme.

> Those were their names, and cricketing their pleasure. . . . The two lived thus by Fixtures. Not young, not middle-aged, adrift in their tiresome thirties, born of old parents, taught by older masters, *they* were fixtures too. . . . Yet to turn a penny, all the older ways aslump, each had had to join a job of up-and-coming kind. Thus you might hear the fellows say, vaguely but with meaning: "Farquhar's in a radio way, Urquhart's in dry cleaning."

It is most expressive; it finds a place for far more of the pearls that adorn the stream of consciousness than can a prose modelled on the slower rhythm of speech. Yet I think it is only partly successful. One gets breathless; the paragraphs don't seem to provide a strong enough break; there is a honey-like flow which becomes distinctly sickly when the story itself is on the sentimental side. Nevertheless, *Lord Love Us* is still a most diverting and distinguished book.

Living Water can be obtained only by belonging to a society; nevertheless it seems worth mentioning as a curiosity. It is a very good book in one way, and that precisely the way which its author intended. It really does make an irrigation project on a collective farm seem not only important but completely fascinating. We see the drought-ridden countryside and feel its various discomforts; we watch with sympathy the battle against red tape to get something done, and, as everybody likes playing with water, we cannot fail to enjoy the actual damming and channelling. In another way the book is absurd because it is so incredibly moral. But need this worry those of us who have a weakness for writers like Richardson and even Charlotte Yonge? Kozhevnikov, like them, seems to be a lucky writer whose gifts fall within the field provided for them. It is not quite as small as you would think. Let us hope it is getting larger.

MARY SCRUTTON

HALF-ROTTEN BOROUGHS

University Representation in England, 1604-1690. By MILLICENT BARTON REX. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s*.

The University seats in Parliament have recently been abolished by an unappreciative administration. They were, we are told, an anomaly. Indeed, most British institutions are anomalies now, but some of them work quite well nevertheless, and there is even a certain heightened pleasure in working these antiquated systems rather than more high-powered modern machines. The surprising thing about the university representation is that it was an anomaly even when it was founded. The less surprising thing is that it worked quite well from the start, hardly distinguishable in its functioning from the other elements of that general anomaly, the Parliamentary system.

The beginning of the university franchise is quite clear. It was demanded by the universities under Elizabeth, devised by Sir Edward Coke, and granted by James I in 1604. The motives of the decision are uncertain, but since it was the universities which made the demand, presumably it was the universities which expected to benefit by the grant. Probably they sought protection against their tiresome neighbours, the boroughs of Oxford and Cambridge. In fact, however, the new seats did the universities little good: they were far more useful to the Crown. Like so many newly "enfranchised" boroughs, they soon drifted into the pockets of royal or noble borough-mongers, and resident members of the university were a minority among the candidates. Miss Rex's history of the first eighty-six years of their life—a work of detailed, accurate and useful scholarship—is a history not of free elections or of university interests, but of royal interference, noble jobbing, and academic intrigue. This makes it much more interesting than it might otherwise be.

In fact the history of the university franchise hardly differs from the history of the borough franchise in general. The persons are different, but the circumstances, the machinery, the motives are the same. The olympian Chancellor, condescending to nominate a client or a secretary, or advising the voters not to commit themselves "as persons of quality would soon appear"; the oligarchy of Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses, timidly and fussily complying with the Court and seeking to control, if not to disfranchise, the radical "juniors"—these are the exact counterparts of the lordly patron or high steward, the oligarchical corporation and the irrepressible townsmen in many a less famous lay borough. The differences are differences of detail only. The university seats were subject to no property qualification, either of voters or of candidates; the ballot was almost secret; there was no need of personal canvassing; and the contest was, in consequence, delightfully cheap. A respectable but not affluent civil servant like Sir William Temple chose Cambridge as one of those useful constituencies "where a sheet of paper does the business"; and Sir Richard Fanshawe, the lawyer, poet and ambassador, found that the same seat "cost him no more than a letter of thanks and two braces of bucks and 20 broad pieces to buy them wine."

Who were the patrons who could bestow such coveted seats? Once again the history of Parliamentary boroughs is reflected in the history of the university seats. At first they were, in effect, Crown patronage. Between 1621 and 1640, out of fifteen university burgesses, eleven held Crown appointments, seven were Privy Councillors, five Secretaries of State; and two royal favourites—Buckingham and Laud—were imposed as Chancellors on the protesting institutions. But after 1660 aristocratic competition encroached upon the royal monopoly; the members contained fewer officials and more sons of noblemen; and there was more rivalry. One evidence of this—especially at the more convivial university of Oxford—was the growth of "treating." Many were the complaints of Antony Wood, the queru-

lous prune-eating hermit of Merton College, against the "potmen" and those candidates who, like Sir Thomas Sclater ("an Eater and Drinker time out of mind") and Dr. Parrott ("a thorough-paced Soaker"), by mobilising "the potmen and juniors" sought and sometimes contrived "to carry all before them." But in fact the "potmen," if they really existed, operated on only half the stage. The convention had early been established that the Chancellor might nominate one, and only one, of the members, leaving the other seat for free election. This was that alliance of "the Court and the potmen" so hateful to Wood. No doubt he would have preferred a system which returned two academic curmudgeons ready to quote Strabo in the House and vote against that great grievance of the colleges, the hearth tax of 1662—just as the country gentry who complained against "corrupt" boroughs would have preferred a Parliament of booby squires who would turn up in hunting-boots and vote against the land-tax of 1692.

How fortunate that they did not prevail! The English Parliament would have become like the Polish Diet. How much we owe to the "corrupt" borough, which alone, until the rise of party machines, enabled the Parliamentary system to work! Miss Rex has described two such boroughs. In less than a century they sent to Parliament, apart from many other able and useful officials, Francis Bacon, Sir George Calvert the founder of Maryland, Sir Thomas Roe the explorer, scholar and diplomatist; John Selden, Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Leoline Jenkins, Heneage Finch Earl of Nottingham, Sir William Temple, Sir Isaac Newton. . . . Some ungrateful critics may say that two half-rotten boroughs do not deserve such minute attention. Let them imagine the history of the "free" country seat of (say) Northamptonshire and reflect upon the difference. Then they will value Miss Rex's work the more: it is a valuable contribution (by an American) to the understanding of the English Parliament.

H. R. Trevor-Roper

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

If not perhaps quite up to the standard of his earlier Sibelius offerings, Anthony Collins's couplings of the Third and Seventh Symphonies, and of the Fourth with *Pohjola's Daughter* (*D.), are in no sense a disappointment. The necessity of getting No. 3 on to one side seems to have made the conductor nervous about the time limit: at all events, the movements (especially II) are hurried. I have no such fault to find with No. 7, which is now the version I would recommend; but the string playing is not ideally incisive. In No. 4 I think Mr. Collins yields something to Karajan in conveying the sinister power and concentration of this extraordinary work; and his coupling is less interesting than *Tapiola*. Lovers of Strauss (not, I believe, a diminishing band) will be glad to hear that a new issue of *Ein Heldenleben*, by the Minneapolis orchestra under Antal Dorati (**M.), is even finer than the Krauss version, which was not quite among his best recordings. This is a well-knit performance, in which Dorati gives us the just measure of the work, instead of overdoing it. The recording is very wide in range. So is that of the *Alpine* Symphony (**N.), the last of Strauss's tone poems, composed 1911-15. This piece, which has been almost universally derided outside Germany, seems to me a good deal better than is allowed. Some of the tone painting is too obvious, and little of the material is first rate; but there are some truly poetic passages (*e.g.*, the Vision, the Elegy, and the curiously Berliozian simplicity of "On the summit"). Considering the extreme complexity of the score, the recording is remarkably well managed, and the performance itself does full justice to the quality of the music. The Philharmonia/Karajan coupling of Britten's Frank Bridge Variations and Vaughan Williams's Tallis Fantasia (**C.) is wonderful value for the money. Karajan obtains a virtuoso account of the Britten work, and a more variously poetic one, to my way of thinking, than the excellent, but more homely, Boyd Neel version. Some of his pianissimi verge on inaudibility, but the recording is otherwise impeccable. On the reverse, the antiphonal effect is more vividly realised than in any other of the available versions, admirable as these are: everything is in apple-pie order, and the big climax is as spacious as a cathedral.

I want to draw special attention to a coupling of Hummel's *Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 85 (Balsam/Winterthur Sym. Orch./Ackermann. N.), with **Clementi's Piano Sonata Op. 40, No. 2, by the same pianist. Although the piano tone in the concerto is a little shallow, this is in every respect a profoundly attractive issue. The concerto is generally acknowledged to be its composer's best effort. The firm classical structure is beautifully decorated in the Romantic manner; there is a Chopinesque Larghetto; and the Rondo, which is the strongest movement, contains some adventurous excursions. The solo is played with wonderful control and sensibility—a combination of qualities which Artur Balsam also brings to Clementi's thoughtful and most interesting Sonata. This is fraught with the pathetic tone-colour of its key, B minor, and the recording is excellent. The De Vito/Menuhin issue of Bach's Double Violin Concerto (*H.M.V.) is highly respectable—carefully thought out, well balanced and recorded; but the many adorers of this masterpiece are warned that this is not a highly felt performance, and that a better is bound to turn up before long. Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto is so personal a work that no soloist's view of it is likely to please everyone; but I shall be surprised if Clifford Curzon's (*D.) does not win a lot of votes. This is an intimate, unflustered performance, deeply musical and clearly the result of long experience. The pianist makes a great deal more of Beethoven's rather dull cadenzas than any other pianist I have heard. The recording, though not very immediate, is most agreeable, with forward woodwind; but the piano is a little backward. The Decca engineers have treated Kathleen Long to so many poor recordings that it is a great pleasure to be able to salute her latest issue—Fauré's exquisite Ballade for piano and orchestra, coupled with several of his lesser known Nocturnes and Françaix's prettily humorous Concertino (**D.)—as an unqualified success. Miss Long seems much more at ease in the Ballade than she was in her SP performance, which was nervous. This is distinctly better even than the Johannesen version (*N.), though the latter is also attractively coupled.

Romantic legend enwraps the figure of Alessandro Stradella (1642-1682). His limpid genius may, it seems, have influenced Purcell. Be that as it may, there is something strikingly Purcellian about the six Trio-Sonatas (piano/violin/'cello), played with musicianly elasticity and perfect unanimity by the Trio di Bolzano (**V.). Even those who are apt to be bored by *musica antiqua* will be enchanted by this disc. The same ensemble offer Chopin's unjustly neglected Trio in G minor, Op. 8, coupled with Schumann's Trio in F. major, Op. 80 (**V.). Except in the final Krakowiak, the former is a difficult work to "place": one might guess Weber, but in any case this music is too alert and distinguished to be attributed to a minor composer. The Schumann is rather vapid, but weaves its garlands with grace. The recording, save at the very end of the Chopin, is quite as good as that of the Stradella. Mozart's Violin Sonatas in C major, K296, E minor, K304, and G major, K301, come to us in affectionate and stylish performances by the Barylli/Badura-Skoda duo (*N.). Barylli's bowing strikes me as not always quite firm, and there is some roughness in the recording at the end of the G major Sonata; nevertheless, this is a most enjoyable record. I confess I had felt some nervousness at the prospect of Rubinstein's new complete recording of Chopin's Nocturnes (H.M.V.); but, having heard them, I gladly capitulate to the perfect integration of thought and feeling, conveyed by the subtlest

The Women of Paris
Photographs by NICO JESSE
Text by ANDRÉ MAUROIS
A book of brilliant photographs that catch the charm, elegance and character of Parisiennes of all classes. 30s

A Naturalist's Life of New York
WILLIAM BEEBE
The author of *High Jungle* looks at the animal life of Manhattan.
Illustrated 12s 6d (Dec. 10)

Sportsmen in a Landscape
AUBREY NOAKES
A comprehensive survey of British Sporting Art, with 8 plates in full colour and 32 in black and white. 30s

The Daniells
THOMAS SUTTON, F.S.A.
The first authoritative account, illustrated with 7 plates in full colour, and 32 in black and white. *4 guineas.* (Dec. 10)

The Poets Laureate
KENNETH HOPKINS
A study of the Office and its Holders and a selection of the official writings of the Laureates. 18s

Out of this World
HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE
A collection of Hermits and Recluses.
Illustrated 15s (Dec. 10)

Pageants
ANTHONY PARKER
Their presentation and production.
Illustrated 15s (Dec. 10)

Fiction

Barbara Comyns
WHO WAS CHANGED AND WHO WAS DEAD
8s 6d

Margot Bennett
THE LONG WAY BACK
8s 6d

Geneviève Gennari
THE RESTLESS HEART
12s 6d

THE BODLEY HEAD

rubato, in these performances. The recording of disc 2 is very much superior to that of disc 1, but even in the latter the distortion is seldom so bad as to spoil pleasure. Dismay, rather than simple nervousness, attacked me at the thought of Cortot's coupling of Schumann's *Carnaval* and *Etudes symphoniques* (*H.M.V.); it did not seem possible that the veteran fingers could encompass the difficulties of these taxing works. But, once again, the magician has triumphed. Of course, there are some muddles (*e.g.*, No. IX of the Etudes, and the Finale); but this is great, and, above all, highly individual, piano playing, and it was a sure instinct which prompted Cortot to include all the Etudes which Schumann rejected from the published set, since these are not inferior to the others. The recording is excellent.

The new complete version of Gluck's *Orfeo* (*N.) is a distinct success and will give repeated pleasure. The singing is all of a high standard, and Margarete Klose gives a calm, steady, vocally very beautiful, if rather too continuously sad, performance in the title role. The orchestral playing is a little monotonous and the chorus has not been infused with a sense of the drama; but on the whole this is a very good set, capably recorded. If only one could have reshuffled the casts of the two complete recordings of Strauss's *Salome* (*D. and *P.), one might have had the near-perfect version; as it is, choice is not easy. Decca has the advantage of magnificent orchestral playing under Clemens Krauss, a rather better balance than Philips, and the hair-raising Herod of Julius Patzak. There the advantages end. Christel Goltz (D.) is a capable Salome, but her voice is never beautiful and, when she presses, woefully unsteady; whereas Walburga Wegner sounds very like Welitsch in her prime—absolutely steady, very young (a most important factor in this role), and (except in the highest notes, which are pinched) her voice has real beauty of timbre. The Jokanaan and the Herodias are very much better in P than in D., the orchestra plays finely, and the balance improves quickly after the first two scenes. I would myself opt for P. any day; but those who regard this as above all an orchestrae opera may well prefer D. The latest complete *Rosenkavalier* (*D.) looks wonderful on paper, but in fact the dull, clumsy, insecure singing of Maria Reining as the Marschallin spoils all her scenes. Otherwise the cast is admirable; Kleiber conducts with his usual sorcerer's touch, and the recording is well balanced. The *H.M.V. set of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* is a carefully produced replica of the Glyndebourne performance; but I would rather direct readers' attention to the same composer's *Messe solennelle* (*N.), a highly dramatic, melodically engaging, and nowadays little known work of Rossini's old age. The performance is seldom less than adequate, often very good; and if the recording is not of a very high standard, the pleasure given is considerable.

Lovers of Berlioz will have been impatient for an issue of Sir Thomas Beecham's famous interpretation of the *Te Deum*. Here it is at last, in a splendidly recorded disc (**P.), with Alexander Young in excellent voice, and some well drilled choral singing and orchestral playing. Apart from the final section this is not, I think, the best Berlioz, but there are fine pages scattered up and down it.

For some time now the firm of London International (an offshoot of Decca) has been putting out records of Spanish operettas (or *zarzuelas*, as they are called). These delightful examples of light music are very famous in Spain, and regarded as a national form of art; but they are practically unknown elsewhere, though the best of them are not inferior to their Viennese equivalents. By far the best that has so far appeared on disc is *Doña Francisquita*, by Amadeo Vives. There is scarcely a dull moment in this enchanting work; the performance, by what would seem to be a company from Barcelona, is vividly authentic, and the recording very good indeed.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

MAKE WRITING YOUR HOBBY THIS WINTER

You have seen the papers and magazines steadily increasing in size. Soon they will be free from all restrictions. There are more than 1,000 in this country alone. Opportunities for new writers are increasing daily and now is the time to "learn the ropes." If you "have always wanted to write when you had the time," there *can be no better time than now.*

Let the LSJ show the way. The London School of Journalism has had 35 years of unbroken leadership throughout the world in training by post—with coaching that is entirely individual. It is the quality of this personal coaching that makes the difference between success and failure, the quality that caused "Truth" to say: "The LSJ claims less and achieves more."

Remember that the LSJ was founded under the aegis of that great journalist Lord Northcliffe.

If you feel attracted to any form of writing, you should seek the School's advice. The free book "Writing for the Press" makes no extravagant promises but describes moderately the methods of the School and shows how you can enter a field that is open to all. The fees are low—advice is free from

Prospectus Office,

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,

57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. MUSeum 4574

AN ESSAY ON RACIAL TENSION

By Philip Mason

Director of Studies on Race Relations at Chatham House

'The two great merits of Mr Mason's lucid little study are its detachment and its tolerance .... As a starting-point for further study, it could scarcely be bettered.' — Elspeth Huxley in *Time & Tide.*

8s. 6d.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

10 St James's Square, London, S.W.1

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,291

Set by Augustus Harris

In his recent *Observer* articles Sir Hugh Casson has reported that the Chinese visa form has "fifty questions, the final one of which states 'Please now write your autobiography'". Competitors are asked to supply an entry suitable for such a purpose, in not more than 150 words, by any one of the following: Margot Asquith, Isadora Duncan, Frank Harris, Tallulah Bankhead, Sir Osbert Sitwell, Groucho Marx, Thomas Merton. Entries by November 30.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,288

Set by Allan O. Waith

Kent speleologists are reported to have met in Chislehurst Caves, dressed in skins, to eat a prehistoric meal of fungi, wild fruits, nuts and mead. They were accompanied by pigs and ponies. Competitors are asked to report, in not more than 150 words, on a comparable gathering in a thousand years' time, to reconstruct from equally exiguous evidence one of the following: a Promenade Concert; a United Nations Assembly; a Cup Final; a Chelsea Arts Ball; a Blackpool Bank Holiday; a Royal Academy Dinner.

Report by Allan O. Waith

To judge from the entries, our competitors are keen Promenaders, Cup-final attenders, Blackpool holiday makers: but they do not go to Royal Academy banquets or Chelsea Arts Balls (though perhaps here I am doing less than justice to Paul Best, who sent his entry in a numerical code which so far I have been unable to break). Few of them kept the fun going all through their entry, but ingenious conceits abounded. Terence Melican had a learned word about Cup Finals:

> There is no doubt we should call them "Final Cups," if we used this terminology, or "last drinks" in our own. No one was allowed to drink after 11 p.m. At set intervals, just before 11, runners started out at each level with the object of reaching the "bar" before "closing-time." Those who succeeded had a Cup Final.

Joyce Taylor derived her Promenade Concerts from an old photograph of

> the frenzied congregation, goggle-eyed, some almost prostrate. These rites were known as "promaenads;" for the Maenads triumphed and the virgins were sacrificed every high summer as harvest-tide approached.

John R. Kohr was unnecessarily gloomy about U.N.

> A distngshd gathrng of Brooklyn humanologists assmbld ystrdy at da Burial grnds of da UN to clbrte da 1000th annivrsry of da chnge from United to Untied Ntns. . . . Pieces of glass, relics of da UN Secretariat Facade, srvd as place cards, apprpriatly inscrbd wth magic lttrs, e.g., UK, UP, US, USSR, EXIT, LADIES, GENTLEMEN, ETAOIN, and SHRDLU.

First prize of two guineas to Joyce Johnson; a guinea each to Nancy Gunter, Pibwob and D. R. Peddy. Half a guinea consolation prizes to Terence Melican and John R. Kohr. Commended: P. M., John Burn, E. G. Yorath, Samoth, Margaret Tims, Jonathan Staggers, L. G. Udall.

PROMENADE CONCERT

Round the recently excavated ruins of the temple devoted to Albert Hall, a thousand youths and maidens stood for three hours yesterday forming a "Q," a traditional custom of Albert Hall worshippers, and now thought to be in honour of Queen Hall, his supposed mother.

Entering the building at dusk, with men dressed in the blue and white robes of the devotees of St. John acting as sidesmen, they then reverently promenaded to a musical service conducted by a High Priest (or "Sargeant"). The celebrants, wearing shirts that had been purified by boiling, played on instruments made of string, brass and tin pans (or "tympani") in front of a small effigy of St. Michael, which was suspended, angel-like, in mid-air and alluded to as "The Mike."

The occasion was especially held yesterday, as that date was once kept as the Feast of St. Michael and Hall Angels.

JOYCE JOHNSON

BLACKPOOL BANK HOLIDAY

The Historical Research Society met recently at the site of the Tower of London, having discovered that this building was known to the ancients as "Blackpool Tower," doubtless owing to its proximity to the Pool of London. The members, arrayed in the traditional costume of scarlet doublets with ruffles, and paper caps bearing encouraging slogans, and carrying pikes and wooden rattles, rode in small cars up and down an artificial mountain, yelling in simulated terror. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the president, standing on the famous Blackpool Rock (or Block as some term it) read an illuminated address to the Blackpool Goddess Trippa, which rite was performed in olden times by a Tower official and called Blackpool Illuminations. The theory of a Lancashire antiquarian that Blackpool Tower was in fact situated in that county has been disproved to the Society's satisfaction.

NANCY GUNTER

CUP FINAL

Last Saturday our representative accompanied the Twencent Society on their annual expedition to reconstruct the Cup Tie Final ritual in honour of the god Phut-Baal, the presiding deity of pools. This was held at Wembley, the esoteric name of Stonehenge, where we gathered, and where stand the stone columns surmounted by lintels and called "Goals." On these the Society's President cut notches to signify "scoring the goals." Ancient documents state that this goal-scoring ritual was attended by "cheers," clearly referring to "the cup that cheers," containing a mystic intoxicant named "Tea." Lacking this obsolete liquor vodka was used. For the Cup "Tie," sometimes called a "military band," a hempen fillet was employed. The exact explanation of "Final" is disputed. It possibly refers to the concluding rites

Company Meeting

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

UPWARDS TURN IN TRADING

A general upwards turn in trading in recent months was reported by Sir Ivan Stedeford, K.B.E., Chairman of Tube Investments Ltd., in his annual statement circulated with the accounts to stockholders on November 15.

Sir Ivan said that hard buyers' market conditions continued through most of the financial year, so profits were much the same. These, after depreciation, were £6,002,231, compared with £6,199,131. Some £34 millions had been spent since the war in modernisation and the acquisition of companies complementary to TI's manufacturing pattern, and stockholders' invested capital of £7½ millions was now flanked by reserves nearly five times larger. There were solid grounds for looking to the current year with cheerful confidence, and, with this outlook, the directors had recommended a final dividend of 10%, making a total of 17½% against 15%.

BICYCLE SALES INCREASED

The new aluminium rolling mills in South Wales were nearing full operational efficiency, and demand for extruded products and tubes called for additional capacity at the Redditch works. There had been a marked improvement in aluminium trading recently, but it came too late to have impact on the results. Bicycle and cycle component sales had increased, exports claiming 75% of the higher output. The Aberdale Cycle Company and the pedal side of the James Cycle Company had been acquired. Sales of Simplex-Creda electric cookers and water heaters had more than doubled, and, although competition in the industrial equipment market had increased, the volume of sales had been maintained. Plastic covered electric cable demand had justified plans for increased capacity.

The Tube Division had a satisfactory year, with prospects much brighter at the end than the beginning. The £4 million hot mills installed at Wednesfield and Desford for producing bearing and other high duty tubes were now in operation, and TI's range of tubular products was expanding.

Supplies of tube steel did not limit output, but this might occur in the near future. Round Oak Steel Works had already supplied sample batches of tube steel, but quantity supplies depended on a £1½ million scheme now in hand.

NEW PLASTICS DEVELOPMENT

Engineering and General Divisions' results were encouraging and the outlook promising. New capacity was planned to meet demand for TI's mechanical handling plant, and W. H. A. Robertson & Company had set up a department for tube-making plant. A new company, TI Plastics Ltd., had been formed to manufacture plastic tubes, significant progress already having been made in fibre-resin tubes of outstanding strength.

Direct exports showed a slight increase, closely approaching in volume those of two years ago, when a record of £20 millions was achieved. Despatches to the U.S. and Canada increased by 50% and 30% respectively. The results of Standard Tube and TI Ltd., of Canada, and TI Cycles of India Ltd. were eminently satisfactory, as also were those of TI's interests in Australia and Argentina, and all of the South African undertakings had reached a profit-earning stage. Plans were advanced for an electric welded tube mill in India. The march of science had called for additional research facilities, and a new centre was being established at Hinxton Hall, near Cambridge, with Dr. F. P. Bowden, of Cambridge University, as consultant in pure science.

Discussing the great resources of technical skill required tomorrow, and the need to mark the difference in qualifications and skills with a greater differentiation in pay rates, Sir Ivan said: "Ours may be known as the age of the 'common man,' but in our urge to do him well, are we not in danger of giving the 'uncommon man' a raw deal? . . . He is becoming our most important economic asset, and we lose sight of him in the crowd to our infinite loss."

THE EASY WAY OF **SLIMMING**

BY *Rallie*

YOUR GOOD FIGURE REGAINED

without diet or any strenuous exercises

IMPROVED HEALTH AND COMPLEXION FOLLOWS DAILY USE OF THE RALLIE METHOD

The man pictured here, like thousands of other men (and women) throughout the country, is practising a new, simple, safe and altogether delightful method of figure and health culture that has put the old, arduous "daily dozen" right out of fashion.

He is using the wonderful Rallie Massage Belt. So easy to use, it already has brought back his youthful waistline and given him better health without resort to diets or drudgery.

Five minutes a day eases inches away!

Here is a method of gentle self-massage that will fascinate you. Just a few minutes of effortless yet exhilarating stretch-and-relax movements each day will soon have you looking slimmer and younger (and feeling better) than you have done for years. You'll begin each day with new zest for business and social activities. The Rallie Massage Belt takes away that "tummy" and makes everything you wear look twice as smart. Moreover, this safe and thoroughly invigorating home treatment is fully recommended by the medical profession for men (and women) of all ages in every walk of life.

★ **Learn what to do from our FREE illustrated Booklet** ★

Write for this Booklet to-day (or cut out this advertisement and add your name and address)

RALLIE HEALTH APPLIANCES LTD.

(Dept. 180K), 314 Euston Road, London, N.W.1

Craven— tobacco to live for

IN TIMES OF STRAIN and trouble a Craven smoker turns to his tobacco for comfort and solace. And slowly, but surely, the mellow and cool-burning CRAVEN casts its richly comforting spell to make life easier and brighter. "*It is*" said Sir James Barrie in 'My Lady Nicotine' "*a tobacco to live for.*" Every Craven man knows how right he was.

Try CRAVEN—obtainable in two fragrant, slow burning, deeply satisfying blends.

Craven Mixture 4/7 ounce, Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/3 ounce.

Hand Built **RADIOGRAMOPHONE** Equipment
INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS
Demonstrations Daily : Evenings by Appointment
UNIVERSAL ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS
36, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4058

EXCITING WINTER SPORTS

Students can go to Austria, Norway, Switzerland and Germany; £22 to £32. Also to Berlin, £27.10.0; Paris, £19.15.0. Send for **booklet to:—**

NUS TRAVEL DEPT.

NSN, 3 ENDSLEIGH ST., W.C.1. (EUS 2184)

attending the sacrifice of a victim called "Ref" ("Refugee"?), provided with a whistle to sound the last goal-post. PIBWOB

UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY

Cosmopolis Hall, divided by a cast-iron "Curtain," was used for the reconstructed United Nations Meeting on 24th October 2954. On its left stood the red-draped Soviet "block," wherefrom delegates intoned the monotonous "*Niet, niet*," pausing to toss occasional vetoes over the "Curtain." On the right, the American delegation or "Securities Council," propelled on General Motors, directed the "Pan" (possible derivation, "Pander") Americans with Big Sticks, simultaneously dodging red ochre "smears" by the demon Ma-Car-Thi. In a corner a savage "Peaceful Co-existence" ritual was performed by all-in wrestlers from both sides.

At intervals, various participants would "walk out" in a marked manner, though the Chinese Nationalist, to whom the American delegate alone accorded the Salute of Recognition, refused to abandon his seat to a member from the Soviet "block." Finally, after a loud explosion, the assembly descended to a cave to consume Mushrooms and Rays (Gamma).

D. R. PEDDY

CHESS : Fishing For Trouble

No. 268

Most of us when deploring our catalogue of failures remember one game or another we could have won with ease, if only we had not been tempted to complicate a perfectly simple position. Here is a case in point: Black had merely to play (1) . . . Kt x Kt, (2) B x B, Kt-B6 ch, so as to avoid any risk and to add yet another one to the galaxy of pawns so amply compensating him for his piece. Yet, by playing (1) . . . P-K4 he preferred to fish for trouble, and he certainly got it: (2) Kt x Kt, B x B. (3) Kt-R6!, B-Q4. (4) B-R7!, P-QR4. (5) B-Kt8, P-R5. (6) B x P, P-R6. (7) B x P, P-R7. (8) B x P, and now

Black is absolutely helpless; for all White has to do is to march his K to b2 and then to zig-zag the B to f8 for the *coup de grâce*. While this is alleged to be a True Life Story I have a hunch it is a put-up job by Dr. J. Krejcik, that indomitably witty old Viennese master and concoctor of amusingly instructive positions. Diag. left is one to show the enterprise of a truly agile Knight spurred to great endeavour by his Queen's self-sacrificial devotion. (1) Q x Kt ch, R x Q. (2) Kt x KP ch, K-K4. (3) Kt x B ch, K-Q4. (4) Kt x B ch, K-K4. (5) Kt x R ch, K-Q4. (6) Kt x P ch, K-K4. (7) Kt x R ch, and on his next caper he grabs the Black Q and stops the ambitious P. Finally, just to show that a Black Knight can be forced to embark on a similarly rapacious *tour de force* and singlefooted, as it were, to administer a mate, here —published by *Oesterreichische Schachzeitung*—is a sui-mate in 8. Joseph Krejcik, of course, is the most famous contemporary exponent of that delightful type of problem, which seems to have caught the particular fancy of so many of our readers. For the benefit of newcomers I had better explain that White is required to commit suicide by forcing Black to mate him in 8 moves. (1) Kt-K7!, Kt-Kt6(B7). (2) P-Q4 ch, Kt x P. (3) R-K6 ch, Kt x R. (4) P-B4 ch, Kt x P. (5) Kt-Kt6 ch, Kt x Kt. (6) R-K7 ch, Kt x R. (7) Q-B5 ch, Kt x Q. (8) B-Kt3 ch, Kt x B mate.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced a draw in 3 moves. **B** and **C** are also draws, and to give them bargain value at 6 and 7 points I will add the hint that the basic idea is much the same as in the easy 4-pointer. Usual prizes. Entries by Nov. 29.

A: Bartolitch 1902

B: F. Lazard 1915

C: R. N. Alexandrov 1929

REPORT ON COMPETITION

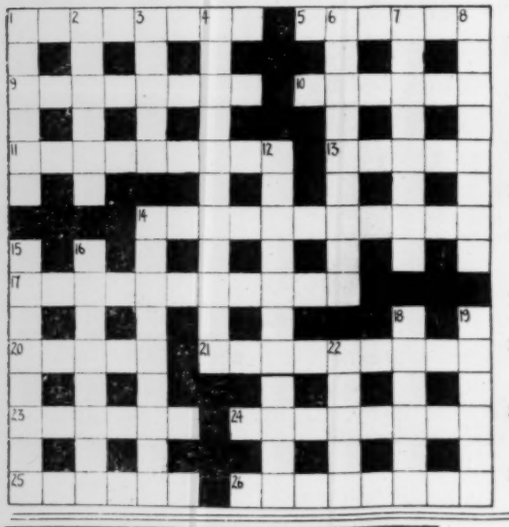
No. 265. Set October 30

A: (1) Kt-B6 ch, P x Kt, (2) Q-Kt3 ch, K-R1, (3) P x P, B x P, (4) Kt-K5!, B x Kt, (5) B x B ch, P-B3, (6) R x P! etc.
B: (1) P-K8(Q) ch, Q x Q, (2) P x Q (Q) ch, R-KB2 ch, (3) Q x R ch, B x Q, (4) R-KR4 ch, B x R, (5) P-Kt4 mate.
C: (1) K-B5, Kt-B2, (2) K-Q6, Kt-K1 ch, (3) K-K7! Kt-Kt2! (4) B-Kt6! K-Kt1, (5) B-B7 ch, K-R2, (6) K-B6, K-R1, (7) K-K5! K-R2, (8) K-K4!! K-R1, (9) K-B4, K-R2, (10) K-Kt4, K-R1, (11) P-Kt6, etc.
If (7) K-Kt6? Black can draw by Kt-K3!
If (3) K-Q7 Black can also force the draw by Kt-Kt2. (4) B-Kt6, K-Kt1, (5) K-K7, K-R1, (6) K-B7, Kt-B4!, etc.

A good many correct or near-correct solutions, though some competitors dropped a few points over **A** (difficult enough) and/or **C**. Prizes shared by C. Allen, E. W. Carmichael, R. C. Chaturvedi, W. M. Hancock, C. R. Hattersley. The entry for the study competition was most gratifying in quality as well as numbers. It will take at least another week or two to reach conclusions. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 127

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 127, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 30.



ACROSS

1. A house of evil with horse-play inside (8).
5. Approach an island in the performance (6).
9. Ears to the partition and you will discover where Q lived (8).
10. This institution is useless if silent (6).
11. Mean the worker to be an officer? (9).
13. Men are when they woo, said Rosalind (5).
14. To provide the entertainment and something sustaining for grub (11).
17. Handing over a late paper with one letter missing (11).
20. The Muslim sounds cheerful to the north-countryman (5).
21. A one-time commentator, in the end I appear in the final (9).
23. Warm up the ear perhaps (6).
24. Right on the edge; it might be alarming if it crumbled (8).
25. The Western game in the sky (6).
26. Make her desert the furniture (8).

DOWN

1. Mr. Weller was one of connubiality (6).
2. Collection in copper for the parson (6).
3. Make a disturbance with an ash (5).
4. After bitter experience retains mixed feelings of devotion towards ladies (11).
6. White Russian? (9).
7. Impose one's will and make the lover rue (8).
8. Glasses for the performers (8).
12. Not where the sick man takes the waters (7, 4).
14. Cacophony started by the daily help (9).
15. Plant the stalks under the plot (8).
16. Harry at the end of the street is a novelist (8).
18. The periodical to capture what is attractive (6).
19. A name for steel (6).
22. Big race swindler (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 125

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 125

John Frederick (Summer Hill, New South Wales), C. S. Francis (Heston), J. A. Humpston (London, S.W.3).

IN summer, in winter
IN the home, in the Club,
INVICTA
JAMAICA CIGARS

WHY NOT
"EMPHAS-ise
YOUR MESSAGES?
WITH A
BLAIKRAY "EMPHAS" SEMI-ROTARY
FOOLSCAP DUPLICATOR OUTFIT
Illustrated Literature from:
BLAIKLOCK, GRAY LTD.
ONLY £5 SUPPLIES
HOCKLEY · ESSEX

YOUR WRITING SUCCESS
begins with Know-How!
You learnt *how* to read—and you can learn from the Know-How Technique *how* to express yourself in saleable articles and stories . . . so gaining extra income and esteem.
YOUR Success is Certain—Once YOU Know-How!
* "I have worked to such good effect that I have increased my income by 50 per cent."—S. I. (Ayrshire).
* Typical result reported by discerning beginner who sent for "The Know-How Guide to Writing Success." The original letter may be seen at any time at our offices.
FREE! Send to-day for your copy N.1 of the Know-How Guide. Read *how* YOU can receive acceptance cheques. No Sales-No Fees tuition. There is no obligation. Write now to:
B.A. SCHOOL OF SUCCESSFUL WRITING LTD.,
(The British American School)
124, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
You are welcome to call.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

SUDAN Government. The Research Division of the Ministry of Agriculture has vacancies for the following: (1) Entomologist; (2) Plant Breeders (2 posts); (3) Soil Chemist. Age limits 22-45. Applicants must have honours degrees. Candidates must be fully literate in either Arabic or English. Appointment will be on Short Term Contract with or without bonus for indefinite period determinable at any time by six months' notice on either side provided that on or after April 1, 1955, the period of notice shall be 3 months and not six. Salary for Short Term Contract (with bonus) ranges from £E1,075 – £E1,675 and salary for Short Term Contract (without bonus) ranges from £E1,146 – £E1,786. Starting rate will be determined according to age, qualifications and experience of selected candidates. After satisfactory completion of the contractual period, candidate appointed on Short Term Contract (with bonus) will be eligible for a bonus of one month's pay for each year of service subject to a maximum of six months' pay. A cost of living allowance which is reviewed quarterly is payable. An outfit allowance of £E50 is payable when the contract is signed. No Income Tax is at present payable in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Annual leave after the first tour. Full details and application forms are obtainable from Sudan Agent, Sudan House, Cleveland Row, London, S.W.1. Please quote the post applied for and name and address in Block Letters.

B.B.C. invites applications from suitably qualified men (preferably age 25 to 30) for training for administrative posts. Education to University standard and some administrative or personnel management experience preferred but main emphasis on potentiality for eventual promotion to administrative posts on highest grades. Only two or three appointments will be made. Training salary £645 or £765 according to qualifications on incremental scale with good prospects promotion. Requests for further particulars and application forms (enclosing addressed foolscap-size envelope and quoting ref. 540 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within 5 days.

B.B.C. The British Broadcasting Corporation proposes to recruit a limited number of men of high University or equivalent standard aged 21-25 inclusive with a view to appointment after about 2 years' training to the non-engineering staff in one of the broadcasting fields (Sound or Television) of Programme Production and Planning, Editorial work, or Administration. Requests for application forms and further particulars (enclosing an addressed envelope and quoting reference "545, N. Stm.") should be addressed to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The last day for receipt of completed applicns. will be March 31, 1955.

SALES Manager required for London Office by company manufacturing synthetic resins and emulsions for the paint, plastics, paper, textile and leather trades. Experience preferably in chemical trade, together with proven ability to organise and control sales office staff and representatives essential. Permanent executive post in key position with excellent prospects. Only a first-class man will be considered. Write in confidence to the Managing Director, Scott Bader & Co., Ltd., Wollaston, Wellingborough, Northants.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Children's Welfare Officer (Female). Applications invited from women for appointment as Children's Welfare Officer. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or other appropriate qualifications. Salary £490 × £15 to £565, plus London Weighting allowance (Grade A.P.T. I-II). Further details and form of application (returnable by Nov. 30, 1954) from Town Clerk, Town Hall, East Ham, E.6.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Resident Foster Mothers required for Children's Homes in Oxfordshire. Salary £350 by £15 to £410 per annum, less £108 per annum board and lodging charge. Preference will be given to Home Office training or some other recognised qualifications. All appointments superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms obtainable from the County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford. Gerald Gale Barkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

BRITISH Patent Agent Firm in Calcutta requires qualified or experienced Patents Assistants and also Trade Marks Assistant. Single men preferred. Salaries according to qualifications. Write Box 163, Reynells, 44 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

PERSONNEL Officer (female) for small branch factory in Dover. Responsible to Factory Manager. Practical experience in all branches of personnel work, incl. canteen and first aid essential. Member I.P.M. prefd. Write to Personnel Officer, M.O. Valve Co., Ltd., Brook Green, Hammersmith, W.6.

YOUNG lady, knldg. laboratory work, as personal assist. med. scientist. Typing useful. Avail within next 6 mths. Box 2451.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EDUCATED and intelligent Secretary/Sh.-Typist for technical Film Unit. Responsible and progressive post requiring initiative. Salary rising rapidly for right applicant. AMB. 5494.

COPY and Shorthand Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

EXPERIENCED secretary shorthand-typist for picture framing business. Small office. 9-6, 5-day week. GER. 3463.

SH./TYPIST wanted, £7 p.w. Varied and interesting work. West End. Box 2424.

INTERVIEWER-Assistant (30-40) for well-known Secretarial Bureau, good typist, good at figures, interesting work, 5-day week, no late nights. Box 2453.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School. Teacher required for Sunday mornings, 10-12.30. Apply to the Principal, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

REPORTER/Secretary free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Duntraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"A GUIDE to Good Wine," written by experts in the trade (Sichel, Langenbach and others), with numerous photographs, maps, wine lists and illustrations. The ordinary edition at 12*s.* 6*d.* is a handsome Christmas present. The large paper edition (numbered copies) in green calf is a choice collectors' piece at the low price of £3 3*s.* From all booksellers or, in case of difficulty, apply Chambers, 11 Thistle St., Edinburgh.

DUTT deals with Deakin in "The Stream and the Dam" and delves deeper into why Britain is "still in trouble" after fifty years of the Labour Party. In the November Labour Monthly. 1*s.* 6*d.* from all agents, or from N.N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

BOOMERANGS of Science—the wonder drugs to out-wonder all wonder drugs is on the way. Prepare for it by reading P. D. Turner "Wondering about Wonder Drugs," in the Autumn "The Farmer" (incorporating "Wholefood"). Also Dr. C. V. Pink on "Seeing Further Than Your Nose," "Keeping Goats Without a Farm." Now only 1*s.* 6*d.* a copy, 6*s.* 6*d.* a year. Edited by Newman Turner from Ferne Farm (N), Shaftesbury, Dorset.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8*s.* from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

ORGONOMIC Functionalism, 6th issue. Ritter Press, 476 Woodborough Rd., Nottm.

MERLIN, the Paris quarterly. Vol. 2, No. 3. Samuel Beckett, Eugene Ionesco, Italo Svevo, drawings by George Bartholick. Now available at 4*s.* 6*d.* post free from France Features, 15 New Row, W.C.2.

BOOKS on Psychology, Philosophy, Occultism, Mysticism, Religion. List: NK Books, 28 (NS) Dean Rd., London, N.W.2.

WE buy libraries, specialised or general; Penguins, Reprint, review copies, Chartist, Socialist, C.L. material The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess. Lists, A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Road, Tolworth, Surrey.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3036.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club reopens Sat., Dec. 4. New premises (newly equipped and decorated), 83 Chiltern St., W.1. Annual subscription 10*s.* Various activities. Write details Sec. above address.

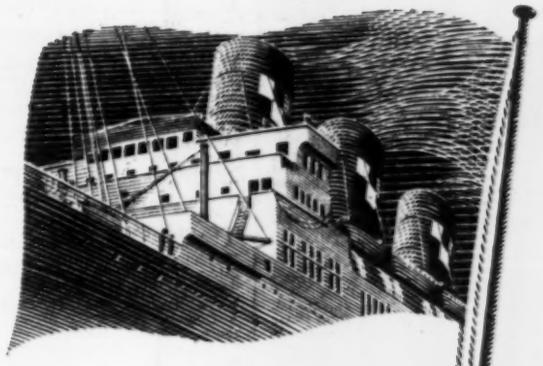
THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

FREE meals from monotony by serving them up with some of that tasty Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

MEN of taste will enjoy their meals to the full if you give them Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney.



Freedom from care

—how rarely can we enjoy it, how eagerly we seize it when the opportunity arises! That is why so many men—important, on-the-move men—cross the Atlantic by Canadian Pacific. On board an Empress they know they can expect complete comfort, good food, and friendly, efficient service only a bell-push away. They know too that when they land they can go to the ends of Canada by the same great travel system. From first to last they are secured from worry, secured as *you* will be, because

Canadian Pacific

is with you all the way

Information from your travel agent or
Trafalgar Square, W.C.2 (Whitehall 5100) 103 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3 (Avenue 4707) or any other Canadian Pacific office.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. "The Good Soldier Schweik," Hasek. Last pf. Nov. 27.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5, 8. "The Immoralist." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Montserrat." Fris., Sats., Suns., 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30 "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. 3 clds. Guest Ticket.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Nov. 21: "My Universities" (U). From Nov. 22: "Les Jeux Interdits" (The Secret Game) (X).

NAT. Film Theatre, S. Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Nov. 20, Gene Kelly, Judy Garland in "The Pirate" (U). Dir.: by Vincente Minnelli. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Nov. 21, 7.30. "Citta Canora" (U) Italy.

SCALA Theatre. Sun., Nov. 28, 7.30 p.m. Soviet films. Première of "Palace of Science," magnificent colour documentary about Moscow University. With "Big Top," famous Soviet circus film. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10 % discount block bookings 10 plus.

FILM Show. Special request performance of new gay topical Chinese comedy "The Grapes are Ripe." Thurs., Dec. 2, 7.30 p.m. Islington Town Hall, N.1. Also Dr. James, M.B., M.R.C.P. (just returned from China) and colour film "In Southern China." Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Britain-China Friendship Assn., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 2522.

INDIA Film Society, 47 Strand, W.C.2. Regular full-length feature films. Nov. 21, at Scala Theatre. "The Prisoner of Golconda," in Gevacolor. 7 p.m. Mem. 10s. yr.

RAMBLERS' Reunion on December 11 at the Royal Festival Hall, with dancing, folk-dancing displays, film-shows, coloured slides of rambling and mountaineering abroad, photographic and art exhibitions, etc. The evening of the year to people interested in travel and the countryside. Open to all. Tickets price 5s. (please send stamped addressed envelope) from the Festival Hall box office or from Ramblers' Association Services, 48T Park Road, N.W.1.

WEST Indian Kaleidoscope of music, art, handicrafts, poetry, steel drums, etc., at 3 Robert St., N.W.1 (off Hampstead Rd.). Exhibition 6 p.m. Programme 7.30 p.m. Friday, November 19. Presented by "Caribbean News."

YOUTH House Reunion Dinner & Birthday Party. Sat., Nov. 20, at 6 p.m. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Tkts. 5s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Dance, Sat., Nov. 20, 7.30-11. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 3s.

AUSTRIAN "Krampus" Dance. Kensington Town Hall. Thurs., Dec. 2, at 8 p.m. Viennese Cabaret, Austrian Buffet, Dancing until 11.30. Tkts. 7s. 6d. (reduced for mems. studs.): Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Nov. 20, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

I.C.A., Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones," Saturday, November 20, 8-11 p.m. At Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Members 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat., Nov. 20, 2-5.30 p.m. The Society for the Promotion of New Music's 25th Experimental Rehearsal. London Symphony Orchestra. Maurice Miles, Jan Sedivka (violin). Chairman: Malcolm Arnold. First Speaker: Frank Howes. 2s. at door to non-members. (Limited accomm.)

18th-Century Music—London Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Vivaldi, W. F. Bach, Mozart and J. S. Bach. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Nov. 20, at 8.15 p.m. WAT 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., Nov. 21, at 3 p.m. Vienna Octet (members of Vienna Philharmonic Orch.) Septet in E flat, Op. 20, Beethoven; Octet in F, Op. 166, Schubert. WATerloo 3191.

STOLL Theatre. Sat., Dec. 4, 10.45 a.m. Concert by Soviet Dancers and Instrumentalists. Struchkova and Lapauri, Galetskaya and Kamaletdinov, ballet soloists; Gulnara Mavaveva, Uzbek folk dancer, accompanied by Avner Baraveev on the doira; Pavel Necheporenko, balalaika, Yuri Kazakov, accordion; Yuri and Irina Shubin, acrobats; Mikhail Meshchertskov, juggler. Tkts. 2s 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d. from Stoll Theatre, HOL. 3703, and agencies. Discounts for parties. Presented by the British Soviet Friendship Society.

HORNIMAN Museum and Library, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23. Free Concert on Wednesday evening 7.45 p.m. Nov. 24: Early Court Dances and their Music. Carl Dolmetsch, C.B.E. (With a team of dancers and commentary by Nathalie Dolmetsch.) Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. (1292.)

EXHIBITIONS

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Patrick Hayman. 11-5.30.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions IX: paintings by Gainsborough, Bonington, Corot, Degas, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso. Dly. 9.30-6, Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

WE Know What We Like Exhibition of paintings and sculpture arranged by the Hampstead Artists' Council to show the layman's choice as against the artist's. At the Odeon Cinema, Swiss Cottage. Closing Saturday, November 27.

EXHIBITION of British and Czechoslovak Children's Paintings, open from Sun., November 21 to Sat., December 4, from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., inc. Suns, Lidice House, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. British paintings going to Prague for exhibition.

TOPOLSKI'S Chronicle, the contemporary broadsheet showing with XVIIIth and XIXth Century predecessors. Hungerford Bridge Arch, Festival Hall. Tuesdays and Saturdays, 3-6, Thursdays 6-9.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Collages Exhibition. Arranged by Lawrence Alloway. Mond.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s., members free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Picasso Pottery & original Artists' prints & lithographs.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St. Colour Print Exhibn. Until Dec. 3. Also Picture Lending Library. Gall. open 11-6 inc. Sat.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Three Exhibitions: Robert Colquhoun; Frances Richards; & French Paintings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Dec. 4.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Collectors' Choice IV. French XIX & XX Centuries, including an important protocubist work by Picasso.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. A group of French paintings of the XIX and XX Centuries. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restorations and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Corot, Degas, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Until Nov. 20. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Gaudier-Brzeska, Drawings & Sculpture. Denis Wirth-Miller, "Studies of a Dog in Movement" paintings. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

SOVIET Books & Journals. Art, Science, Literature; Children's books in Russian & English; Library Editions, fine printing & binding. Collet's Book Gallery, 44, Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily (no Suns.) 11-6.30 until Dec. 30. Adm. free.

ST. George's Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Some individuals of English Painting. Examples of the art of print making.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics Sq. Frank Dobson Exhib. & recent pictures by Anthony Gross. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Until 25th.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Animation & Repose. Paintings from 1400-1700.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Paintings of the 19th and 20th Centuries; Fabric Collages with some stained glass by Margaret Kaye. Until Nov. 27.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Friday, Nov. 19, 8.15 p.m. Fifth in Series of six illustrated lectures on Outlines of Jazz. Minton's and its aftermath—Emergence of New Forms by Albert Maccarthy. Chair.: Eduardo Paolozzi. Members 2s. 6d., Guests 3s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Open every Friday, 6.30-8 p.m., Russian conversation, play reading. Nov. 19, 8 p.m., Rev. V. Rodzianko, "Russian Spirituality." Nov. 26, 8 p.m., Isaiah Berlin, "Herzén and Bakunin on Human Liberty." Dec. 3, 8 p.m., Marie Rambert, "Nijinsky."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower St., W.C.1). Professor Hans Sperber will give a public lecture entitled "Communication and the Terminology of Politics," on Monday, November 29, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

"OUR Visit to China." Cyril Cooper (Gen. Sec., S.T.C.S.), George Doughty (Gen. Sec. A.E.S.D.), Will Griffiths, M.P., Ben Parkin, M.P. Brains' Trust meeting. Saturday, Nov. 20, 7.30. Caxton Hall, London, S.W.1. Tickets 1s. at door or from Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1.

BRONOWSKI on "Scientific Change and World Relations." Fabian Autumn Lecture, Nov. 23, 7.15, Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Other speakers in series R. H. S. Crossman, Patrick Gordon-Walker. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

"NEW China—the Changing Economic Pattern." Miss Betty England (Economist), Chairman: Mr. H. Weaver, N.U.B.T.W., Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, Wed., Nov. 24, 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. Britain-China Friendship Assn.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tuesday, Nov. 23, 8.15 p.m. Illustrated lecture, "Contemporary Architecture in Western Germany," by Peter Moro. Chair: Misha Black. Members 2s., guests 3s. Wednesday, Nov. 24, 8.15 p.m. Rimbaud Centenary. Readings in French and English: Margaret Rawlings, Claude le Sache, Naomi Lewis (her own trans.). Chair: Edgell Rickword (in co-op. with "Adam"). Members 2s., guests 3s. Thursday, Nov. 25, 8.15 p.m. Books and the Modern Movement. Reg Butler on "The Meaning of Modern Sculpture," by R. H. Wilenski. Members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d. Membership invited.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Jon Kimche: "Suez and its Aftermath." Wed., Nov. 24, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

THE Challenge of Communism. Four lectures on the most challenging force of our time. Communism, Democracy and Liberty, Solly Kaye, Tuesday, Nov. 23, 7.45 p.m. Communism and the British Empire, R. Palme Dutt, Tuesday, Nov. 30, 7.45 p.m. Who Rules Britain, John Gollan, Tuesday, Dec. 7, 7.45 p.m. What Socialism Would Mean to Britain, John Mahon, Tuesday, Dec. 14, 7.45 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria. Four lecture ticket 1s. 6d., one lecture 6d. from West London Communist Party, 100 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Nov. 23: M. L. Burnet, "The Russian Enigma." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Nov. 19: "What we think of Democracy." Speaker to be announced at meeting. Friday, Nov. 26: Miss B. M. Smoker, "Do we need a revised Alphabet?" Adm. free.

ASK About Poland! Question Master: Gordon Cruickshank. Panel: R. Wooif (draughtsman), Dr. S. Hilton (scientist), Dr. W. Coppard, Andre Van Geyseghem (actor-producer), R. H. King (architect), Hilda Andrews (Polish Cultural Institute), Ernest Hanwell (editor). Fri., Nov. 26, 7.45. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Refreshments. All welcome.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association, Professor J. A. Lauwerys, D.Sc., F.R.I.C., on "The Function and Organisation of Secondary Education." Mon., Nov. 22, Horse Shoe Hotel (next Dominion Theatre), 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays, 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for Nov. 23: "The Ocean of Reality." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Nov. 25, 7.30: Exposition of the Bhagavad-Gita. All welcome.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "The Humanist Faces Evil." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., Nov. 21, 7 p.m.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Surface Mail to any address in the world:
One year, £2 5s. 0d. 6 months, £1 2s. 6d. 3 months, 11s. 6d.

Air Mail to any address in Europe: £3 8s. 0d. yearly.
To other countries: by special quotation.

Air Express (posted immediately on arrival at main airport):
Africa: South, £4 5s. East, £4 5s. West, £3 15s. India and Pakistan, £4 5s.
Singapore and Malaya, £4 10s. Australia, £6.

Special Service to Canada & U.S.A. Residents in North America may remit for Surface or Air Express subscriptions to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 30, East 60th Street, New York 32, N.Y. at these rates:
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express, $17 yearly.

All subscriptions are pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE on this issue: Inland 2d.; Foreign 2d.; Canada 1d.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Holborn 8471)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.L.P. Forum: A Cypriot speaker on "Truth about Enosis." Sunday, November 21, 7.30 p.m. Montague Hotel, Montague Street (near Russell Square), W.C.1.

"RUSSIA and the West." John Lawrence. Mon., Nov. 22, 6 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. National Peace Council discussion meeting. Admission free.

N.C.N.C. Victories! Hear George Padmore, Fenner Brockway, M.P., Peter Abrahams, "Chuks" and other speakers, Holborn Hall, 7.30, Wed. Nov. 24. African National & Cultural Bureau. Admission free.

SOVIET Art. Question & Answer. D. Shmarinov. Sat., Nov. 20, 7.30 p.m., 14, Kensington Squ., W.8. Adm. 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 2s.).

SOVIET Science: New Developments. Academicians Ambartsumian & Dubinin. Question & Answer. Tues., Nov. 23, 7.30 p.m., Rudolf Steiner Hall (Park Rd., nr. Baker St. station). 2s. 6d. Arranged S.C.R.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Nov. 21. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Problem of Germany." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert, 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. November 27 at 6 p.m. Mr. H. Cohen: "How London Grew."

LEIGHTON House, Holland Park Road, Kensington. William Hogarth by Bryan Robertson. Slides. Nov. 26, 8 p.m. Free.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., Nov. 26. Mr. W. G. Archer, O.B.E. (Keeper, Indian Section, V. & A. Museum): "Indian Painting in the Punjab Hills." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Humanism—The Third Way." New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., Nov. 22, at 8 p.m.

D. G. MACRAE: "Science in Fiction," Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green, Sun., Nov. 21, at 7.15 p.m.

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. E. K. Ledermann on "Ethics and Mental Health." Conway Hall, Friday, Nov. 26, 7.30 p.m.

RUSSIAN Classics: Soviet New Editions. Dr. Bertha Malnick. Mon., Nov. 22, 7 p.m., 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Adm. free. Arranged by S.C.R. and Collet's Bookshop.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m. Sunday, Nov. 21. Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11, nr. Holland Pk. Stn. Discrse. Rev. C. P. Bradley: "The Earth People."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m., Nov. 21: "Is there a Personal God?"

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CENTRAL London Fabian Conference: "Democratic Control Government and Industry." Sat. and Sun., Nov. 20-21, Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport St., W.C.2. 2.45-7.30. Fee 10s. 6d. incl. tea both days.

THE Dynamics of the Group. Progressive League Conference, Nov. 26/28, at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts. Speakers: Kraupl Taylor—"Group Structure & Interaction"; Michael Chance—"The Psychology of Animal Communities" (with films); Paul Senft—"Spontaneous Action Therapy"; Marjorie Abercrombie—"Learning to Think in Groups"; Marjorie Hourd—"Creating in Groups." Bookings with full fee to Lawrence Hilton, 12 Queens Drive, N.4. £2 17s. 6d. (members £2 12s. 6d.).

YOUTH Leadership Training, covering Theory and Practice for men and women. Co-operative Society members admitted free. Course extends March to June, 1955, followed by part-time appointments to Children's Groups and Youth Clubs being opened in following autumn. Enrolments by January 10, 1955. Interviews February. Full explanatory leaflet from Education Department, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Rd., Penge, S.E.20.

EDUCATION & the Future: New Year Study-course at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send card for details.

EVENING Classes: drawing and painting in spacious studio at the Byam Shaw School, 70 Campden St., Kensington, W.8. (Park 4711.) Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-9.30, individual lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc., Thursdays 7.30-9.30, practice sessions from the model without tuition. Students may join at any time.

SHORTHAND-typewriting 6 months' part-time course and 3 months' refresher course begin January, North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5.

LEARN Stenotyping (Machine Shorthand), the modern method of taking notes, dictation and verbatim reports. For prospectus of secretarial courses including Stenotyping, call, write or 'phone Palantype College, 229/231 High Holborn, W.C.1. Tel: HOL. 9162.

ENGLISH for foreigners. French, German and Italian, by highly qualified teachers, day and evening; translations: call or 'phone Ashley College, 47, Gerrard St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. (GER. 8782.)

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

CONTEMPORARY methods are used at Heatherley Art School. Founded 1845. 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1.

UNIVERSITE de Paris, Semaine d'Etudes françaises d'Oxford, April 12-17. This is organised by the Sorbonne "Cours de Civilisation française" and includes advanced Tutorials, Phonetics and Proses. Lectures by distinguished Speakers. French Cultural Evenings. Three Standards: VIth Form, Undergraduates, Post-graduates and Teachers. Fees: Registration £1, Tution £3, Residence (optional) £6. U.K. Secretary: 45 Sunningdale Rd., Hessle, Yorks. Also Courses in Paris, all Standards: October-June, July 15, August 14, August 1-31.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards). London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc. Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

COURSES for London Univ. Entrance, Inter. & Degree Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B., B.D., etc. Highly qualified Tutors; low fees. Pros. from Registrar, University Correspondence College, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

GREGG Shorthand/Typewriting 1 mth. Intensive Courses. Frances King Sectl. School, 1a Harrington Rd. S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

JUDO: regular courses for beginners. Apply The Secretary, The Budokwai, 4 Gilston Rd., London, S.W.10. (Tel. KEN. 1540.)

VIOLIN, Viola, & ensemble. Experienced teacher & performer gives tuition to beginners & advanced students. WES. 7700.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING. MSS and Theses intelligently typed. Obscure handwriting deciphered. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

MRS. Archer for MSS, Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5230.

DALEY'S Typewriting, Duplicating, MSS. 2 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. HOL. 5157.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

MSS. theses, etc., promptly typed. Moderate charges. Miss Haysman, 63 Shepherds Bush Road, London, W.6.

DUPLICATING: as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing. Expd. Secretaries. Mabel Eyles Duplicating Service, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765.

FIRST-class Duplctg./Typing serv. Dictation. Theses, MSS., etc. Confidential. Miss Stone, 446 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

TYPING, duplicating, etc. Moderate terms. Accurate work. Fearon Typewriting Services, 31 Queens House, Leicester Square, W.C.2 GER. 4969.

EXPERIENCED typist, own machine, requires work at home. Box 2253.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

PERSONAL

ALDOUS Huxley Weekend (Reading & Discussion led by D. E. Gerard), Dec. 10 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. "Xmas Music & Drama," Dec. 17-20.

INDONESIA. Engl. couple shortly residing Djarkata wish contact similar with recent exper. there re conditions. Box 2496.

WESTMINSTER, near St. James' Park Tube, 300 square feet of accommodation available in 2 offices. Box 2553.

A FOREIGN language an asset: practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6/12 months. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTMAS ski-ing in pleasant company! Join one of our Christmas or New Year parties to Austria (Lech, Gargellen, Obergurgl or Fieberbrunn) or to Switzerland (Champery or Zermatt). Departures Dec. 18, 23 & 28. 3rd class sleepers available. 16 days' holiday from 27*gns.* Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

SKI Holidays during Christmas vacation at Mallnitz (3,800 ft), Austria. Young people (aged 14-21) are invited to join specially escorted parties arranged by Anglo-Austrian Socy., 139 Kensington High Street, W.8. (WES. 9003.) Early application essential. £28 10*s.* including ski-ing tuition, fares & all incidentals ex. London, 10 days' full board at 1st-class hotel.

"SNOWSPORTS in Austria" are our speciality. For inexpensive ski-ing holidays, via the short sea route (16 days London back to London, from £23 10*s.* Snowsport Sleepers 31*s.* 6*d.* extra each way), write, 'phone or call for a copy of "Snowsports in Austria" from F. & W. Ingham, Ltd., Agents for the Austrian Federal Railways, Dept. N.S.4, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 0942.

WEEKEND Party and Travel Film Show in Hove, Sussex, Nov. 26-29. Combine a seaside weekend in good company with a visit to the theatre and an opportunity to see Winter Sports and Travel films. Details from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

PARIS fam. would receive yng. people wishing perfect their French. F7,500 p.w. Write Lamotte, 27bis rue Duret, Paris 16.

WELL-educ. gentleman, music lover, wide interests, seeks similar (25-30) view finding & sharing flat. Box 2456.

ITALIAN (conversation-grammar) taught. Expd. Italian teacher (m). Box 2312.

GOOD pre-war saloon wanted urgently, cash. Write Box 2414.

CHRISTMAS Peace Party in the international Freundschaftsheim, Bückeburg, Germany. Full week of homely celebrations, excursions, conference, 4*gns.* Reduced fares for party leaving Dec. 22. Details: Hostess, Helen Kirkwood, 4a Northampton Park, N.1.

CHRISTMAS. Young people wanted join party, plenty Christmas fare, dancing, radiogram. 5½*gns.* week. Carysfort, 12 Carysfort Rd., Bournemouth.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn.* to 5*gns.* a box. One quality only, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

CÔTE D'Azur: House coastal village near Nice, £20 monthly, less for period. Furnished three persons, modern w.c., bath-rm., h. & c. Interstate, 24 Newman St., W.1.

ART Classes. Enjoy yourself painting one afternoon or evening weekly; serious individual tuition for beginners in pleasantly informal atmosphere. Small classes. Box 2321.

COMPLETE charge of children (2 to 5) off'd. parents going abroad. Refs. Mrs. Aubry, 127 Walton Road, Aylesbury, Bucks.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship). Founded 1939 to assist the New Author. Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 2503.

VISION corrected, sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

SOCK Darning Service, 34 Princes Road, Torquay. 6*d.* a sock, neat prompt work.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones

IF you cannot afford a holiday, have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1, Bentinck St., W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington. S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

CLASSES in Drawing and Painting (Realist Tradition), 3*s.* 6*d.* 6.30-10 p.m. 374 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1. Nightly and weekends. Enquiries MAI. 7096.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d.* stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

YOUNG educ. foreign ladies willing help with children and light housewk. Pocket money. Available immediately for 3/6 months. Refs. exch. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

MUSIC to be loved, must be understood. Sir Malcolm Sargent says . . . "The Enjoyment of Music' is of special value. Mr. Sidney Harrison . . . makes points immediately clear. . . . It is as if we had a musician in our home to talk and play to us." Complete work a beautifully illustrated book and seven special 12in 78 r.p.m. records. All available separately. Easy terms. E.M.I. Institutes, Ltd. (Dept. NS55), Pembridge Square, London, W.2.

LEARN Mosaic at Heathersleys, the progressive art school. VICtoria 6077.

BOOK Tokens are the answer to every gift problem. A minute or two at a bookshop to choose appropriate designs, a handful of neat envelopes dropped in the nearest pillar box & your Christmas shopping done. Values 3*s.* 6*d.* to 21*s.* plus 4*d.* the card.

WHY not give your friends a subscription to the Poetry Book Society? 4 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1. (WHItehall 9737.)

CHRISTMAS Cards. New designs 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* Call at The Caravel Press, Moxon Street, London, W.1, or samples post free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Winter programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

MOLLIFY your neglected spouse, without changing your personal habits, with a portrait by John Vickers, the photographer who welcomes those who face the camera with misgiving. 29B Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

SPEAK French, short intensive crse. basic conversatn. 11 Charing X Rd. (opp. Garrick Theatre). Open 1-9.30 p.m. TRA. 2044.

BARITONE singer 1ks. pianist, m. or f., mutual practice, no payment. Box 2594.

CONCERT pianist from Paris, guides pianists, amateurs any age to artistry. Interpretation Chopin. New practice ways save time, drudgery. Tape recording. PRI. 2979.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee. 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

ADHITE Men's Shoes make you 2in taller. Normal appearance, smart styles. List: City Shoe Co., Rm. 80, 147, Holborn, E.C.1.

TRAIN at Home/Continental Couriers. Stamp for partics. H. & C. Couriers (1), 26 Mayfair Ave., Bexleyheath, Kent.

TYPEWRITERS Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

SPEECH Consultant. All problems. Brochure. Miles-Brown, 38 Wigmore St., W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

INCREASE heig t 2in. with men's "Build-up" shoes. 79*s.* 6*d.* pair. Details free: Capitol Shoe Co. (Box 44), 315 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

PHYLLIS Perlow, Psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

INDIVIDUALLY designed handwoven skirts, jackets, etc. Rugs woven from your rags. To view phone BAY. 2211.

TOYS. Free catalogue showing ages for which they are intended. Abbatt (Dept. N.S.), 94 Wimpole St., London, W.1.

P.S. Harold Ingham offers ski holidays at Bretaye and Obergurgl—16 days—28½*gns.* —ski hire and lessons included. Departures December 18 and March 19. Programme from 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

WHERE TO STAY

WELCOMBE Hotel, Stratford-upon-Avon. An elegant hotel with 40 acres of grounds which once belonged to Shakespeare. An ideal centre while exploring the romantic Warwickshire countryside. Dancing every Saturday evening during the Winter. Telephone: Stratford-upon-Avon 3611.

A SMALL quiet hotel for all needing convalescence, rest or winter holidays in congenial atmosphere. Noted south coast resort claiming finest climate in Britain. Illus. brochures on request. 4½/7*gns.* incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, htd. bedroom (cen. htg. everywhere) when weather cool. Twin beds, h. & c., Slumberlands. Two comfortable lounges. Convalescents welcome (bkfst. in bed). Rec. by readers. Vegetarian if desired. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Best pos. on 3 mile prom. facing S. Nr. dly. orchestra in warm Sun-Lounge. Opp. covrd. walk; nr. curative baths. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All b'rooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 2516.

CHRISTMAS in the Lake District. Skiing, climbing and walking parties welcome. Full Xmas fare 22*s.* 6*d.* per day. Skis on hire. Bryan, Gateside Guest House, Coniston. Tel. 271.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CHRISTMAS at Higham House (Vegetarian Health Centre): a special festive programme has been arranged for guests visiting this lovely country house situated in 20 acres. Write for brochure and Christmas terms: Higham House, Salehurst, nr. Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

CHRISTMAS in the country, with good food, pleasant companionship, homely atmosphere, warmth, comfort and convenience amid delightful surroundings. Chantry Mead Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

THERE'S only one way to rest. Get away from home and the odd jobs. Have breakfast in bed. Good food and deep sleep, fresh air at Kathleen Batten's hotel, Old Plaw Hatch Sharpthorne 17.

HOVE Guests welcome weekends or longer. Comf. Guest House near sea. 18 Rutland Gdns. Hove 39389. Open for Xmas.

WINTER on the Côte d'Azur. Excellent food. Beautiful surroundings. Reas. Brochure: Hotel du Gros Pin, le Brusc, Var.

PARIS. Pension Thélia, 75, Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris Ve. Near Sorbonne, pleasant garden. Quiet. 25*s.* daily. Special winter terms. Recommended. English spoken.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters Restnt., White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

HAMPSTEAD bed-sit., sgle., gas fire/stove, hand-basin, fully equppd. 40*s.* p.w. No colour prejudice. HOL. 6237.

ATTRACTIVE part furnished 2/3-room garden flat, Highgate, £4 10*s.* Box 2294.

STREATHAM: Large bed-sit., 2 divans Kit., use bathroom 3½*gns.* TUL. 6576.

COMF. single bed-sit. Constant H.W., elec. fire. Sep. tel. ext., daily cleaner. Use kit. and bath. CUN. 2904.

LONDON, N.W.1. Room with view. Top floor. Modern block (lift). Newly dec. and furn. (contemp.). Built-in cupboards. Elec. cooker. 3*gns.* GUL. 6935. Box 2462.

PLEASANT furn. rm. for 2 girls. Bkfst./full board. Good home, N.W.2. Box 2452.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

WRITER and wife urgently require one large room and one other in or around central London. Box 2248.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

VACANT possession, f'hold, house £3,000. 8 rms. & offices, 4 flrs., gardens, quiet road, easy reach West End. Box 2501.

SOMERSET. £950. S.-aspect. 5-rmd. country cott. recond. 1935, elec., garage, ½ acre. Mullins, Ansford, Castle Cary.

SCHOOLS

KING Alfred School (F 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Horizon," complete run, £15; Grundig Tape Recorder 700L, four tapes, remote control, perfect, £75 (cost £94); Linguaphone Russian Course, records, books, almost unused, £6; Keesing's Archives, 3 vols. 1948 to 1954, unsoiled, offers?; Grundig Tape Recorder, TK9, as new, 55*gns.* (cost 65*gns.*); Typewriter (Underwood), good condition, £9 10*s.*; 16 m.m. Ensign Ciné Camera, Specto Projector, Screen; Large Model Yacht; Copper Samovar; Lady's (5ft 7in) Beaver Lamb Coat, Costume, &c.

WANTED: Mayhew's "London Labour and London Poor," 1865 Edition; Simon's "Reports Relating To Sanitary Condition of City of London 1854"; Ralph Fox's "People of the Steppes"; Trotsky, James Borkenau, Rosenberg, Soviet Studies, Comintern; French Linguaphone course.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3*s.* 6*d.* per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1*s.* extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

More Classified Advts. on Page 673

SMOG is made up of pounds, shillings & poison

Every puff of smoke up the chimney is raw material—wealth—down the drain! For coal is a raw material of great National importance. From it—if it isn't burnt raw—come nylons and medicines, paints and fertilizers, vitamins, motor spirit and many more things. All these things are saved if coal is carbonised, not burnt. And just as important, the gas and coke that result are smokeless fuels—all heat and no smog Thus with one stone Mr. Therm kills two hateful birds—waste of wealth and a menace to health.

GAS AND COKE—*heat without smoke*

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL *Issued by the Gas Council*

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1: Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.